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BERNARD BARUCH, portrait by Karsh

MARCH 1956

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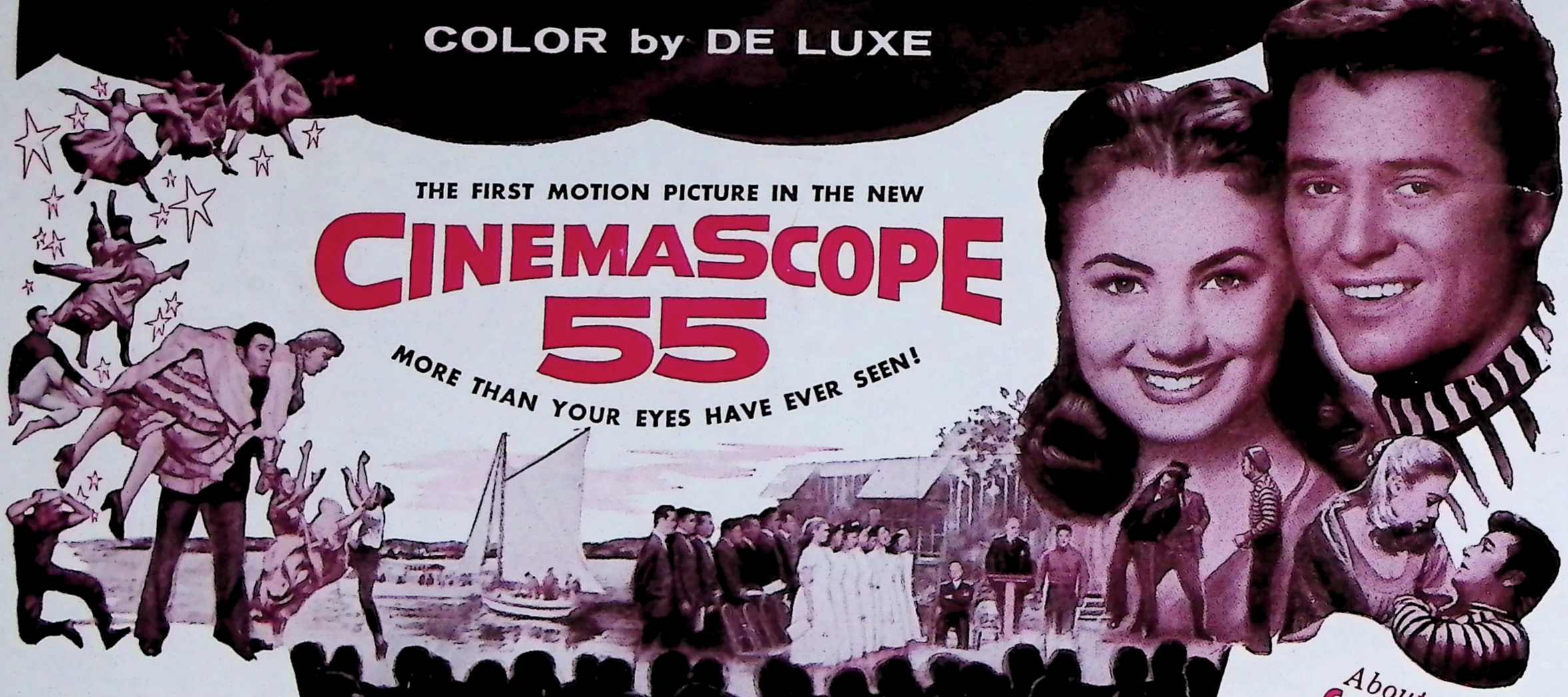

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# WISDOM

THE MAGAZINE OF KNOWLEDGE FOR ALL AMERICA


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BERNARD BARUCH, whose portrait by Karsh of Ottawa appears on the cover, discusses the first issue of WISDOM with the Editor and Publisher.


**VOL. 1, NO. 3** **EXECUTIVE, EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES — 8800 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD, BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA** **MARCH 1956**

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## LETTERS

Sir:
WISDOM is excellent, unique in its field, and certainly has an important contribution to make to the culture of the American people. It is certainly very readable . . . and a beautiful publication.
V. R. EDMAN, Pres.
Wheaton College
Wheaton, Ill.

Sir:
I found WISDOM very interesting and congratulate you for publishing a magazine of this quality.
RICHARD A. HARVILL, Pres.
University of Arizona
Tucson, Ariz.

Sir:
WISDOM has the quality and dignity that makes it inviting to the discriminating reader.
W. O. MILLER
The Upjohn Company
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Sir:
Everywhere, among all races and in all countries, man's searching hands are stretching out to the portals of a new world of wisdom. I feel great admiration for a publication such as WISDOM, because your magazine alone has had the courage and faith to stand for intellectual truth and spiritual freedom at a time when the country is flooded with publications that are a sad commentary on our way of life.
DR. BERNARD O. SHULER
Syracuse, N. Y.

Sir:
I recently asked my wife to mark articles in newspapers and magazines that she thought would broaden my knowledge. The short of it is, she didn't find time. And now I find the job accomplished in WISDOM. I feel that there are many people looking for such a magazine.
ORSON HOWARD
Zion, Ill.

Sir:
WISDOM will serve a very useful purpose and should develop a wide circulation.
JOHN W. HEADLEY, Pres.
South Dakota State College
Brookings, South Dakota

Sir:
You certainly have embarked on a new and exciting form of journalism, and I want to wish WISDOM every success.
BARNEY BALABAN, Pres.
Paramount Pictures Corp.
New York, N. Y.

Sir:
The best magazine I have ever read.
JOHN SLOANE
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sir:
WISDOM is an excellent magazine and on the level that those of us in higher education can find very profitable. It is of very high caliber and very timely.
JULIAN A. MCPHEE, Pres.
California State
Polytechnic College
San Luis Obispo, Calif.

Sir:
Careful perusal of WISDOM indicates that it undoubtedly will become part of the reading habit of many Americans.
G. W. DICK
International Business
Machines Corp.
New York, N. Y.

Sir:
I have looked at WISDOM and I am enthusiastic about the contents and the promise which it gives for future issues. You are making a significant contribution to the cultural life of our nation. WISDOM is a publication which should be in every college or university library.
WILLIAM F. QUILLIAN, JR., Pres.
Randolph-Macon
Woman's College
Lynchburg, Va.

Sir:
Not many of us have the time during these busy days for all the reading that we would enjoy. WISDOM is the answer to our prayers.
JOSEPH M. LOUNSBERY
New Haven, Conn.

Sir:
WISDOM is wonderful because it has been created for pleasurable as well as profitable reading.
ARTHUR F. GREGORY
Nashville, Tenn.

Sir:
WISDOM will be a source of joy throughout 1956.
MRS. BURTON W. MUSSER
Salt Lake City, Utah

Sir:
To me, WISDOM is one of the finest attributes to modern culture that I have seen in a good while. It opens up a new type of door. It has the gumption to try something new and different . . . which is badly needed to further the progress and future welfare of the modern world.
MARILYN MARTIN
American Broadcasting Co.
Chicago, Ill.

Sir:
I enjoyed reading WISDOM, I predict a splendid future for this publication.
I. D. WEEKS, Pres.
University of South Dakota
Vermillion, South Dakota

Sir:
I do not remember when I have enjoyed a magazine so much. There is wide diversity of articles with solid content interestingly presented. I have not been enthusiastic about a magazine for a long time . . . it seems to me that you have something different and worthwhile in WISDOM.
WILSON H. ELKINS, Pres.
University of Maryland
College Park, Md.

Sir:
Most magazines are only of a moment, perishing with their passing. They leave the reader as he was. With WISDOM the reader becomes more than he was. He becomes his better self.
ALBERT RAND GRAHAM
Newark, N. J.

Sir:
WISDOM gives knowledge new charm, beauty and glory.
MRS. ANNA SCHIFF
Rochester, Minn.

# From the Publisher

The response to the first issues of WISDOM has indeed been heartening. We have attempted to humanize such fields as art, literature, education, government, law, medicine, philosophy, religion, science, and human relations. The letters we have received indicate the appreciation of the readers. In the future we shall maintain the same quality of the material and bring to the reader the most important knowledge of the past and the present.

WISDOM is dedicated to the belief that education is a lifelong process—that it is man's most valuable possession. We have progressed in history by using our minds and by applying our intelligence to the solution of world problems. The world is governed by *ideas*, and those who have influenced history most effectively have been men and women who have seen beyond today and who have used the resources of their intellect.

"Democracy without reason is an impossibility," said Thomas Jefferson. WISDOM is designed to strengthen the moral and intellectual foundations of the democratic way of life.

WISDOM presents a new concept of journalism. Ideas are humanized. Pictures and illustrations are used to leave an unforgettable imprint upon the mind of the reader.

WISDOM is a stimulus in adult education. We realize that education does not stop with high school or college or graduate school. Life after all is the great teacher and the real test lies in how we apply our knowledge. Educators find in WISDOM a valuable ally, for through this magazine education indeed becomes a *way* of life. Many students already have commented that they never realized how exciting knowledge can be until they saw the first issue of WISDOM.

The editorial staff of WISDOM has spent many months in gathering and selecting articles. They are chosen only after the most careful research—to bring to the reader the most challenging part of the world's accumulated knowledge.

WISDOM is a unique magazine. It combines knowledge with drama, and it brings the insight of the ages to the intelligent reader. The greatest thinkers, the most impressive artists, the most challenging scientists, and the most enlightened statesmen bring their message to twentieth-century man and remind him that life is a process of unexplored possibilities.

What we need most today is a constructive philosophy of life. Millions are tortured by a sense of futility and confusion. They are afraid of war and economic failure. They worry about their neighbors and their social reputation. They are frightful about the state of their health. According to a national health survey, mental illness leads all others. Psychiatrists tell us that above all we need sound values and affirmative concepts so that life becomes an exercise of joy instead of sadness.

WISDOM is dedicated to this noble idea and its future issues will continue to give a positive and inspiring viewpoint to the reader.

Leon Gutterman

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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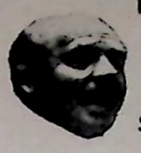

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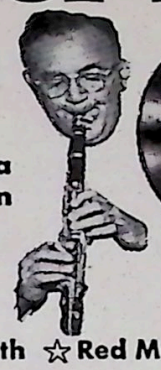

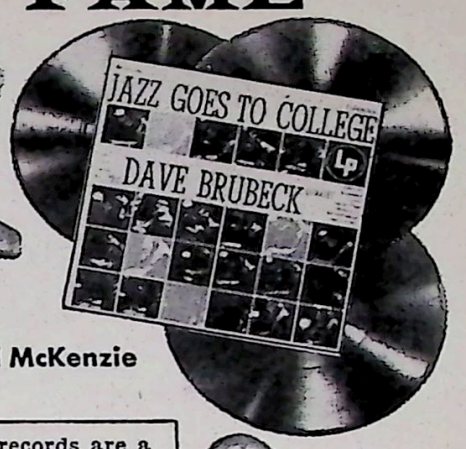

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# ACKNOWLEDGING THE MEN AND WOMEN OF WISDOM

FREDERICK MAYER is one of the outstanding young philosophers in the United States. Author of eight books and over a hundred articles, he is a professor of philosophy at the University of Redlands (Calif.). His "Invitation to Understanding," written expressly for WISDOM, will be a regular feature.

HELEN KELLER'S great battle to overcome her disabilities has been a symbol of inspiration for people throughout the world. In her 70's, she is still active with writing at her home in Westport, Connecticut. "The Story of My Life," from which the Editors have selected "My Broken Doll," gives an account of her awakening to the world of expression, © 1902, 1903, 1905 by Helen Keller and published by Doubleday & Co.

HARRY R. WARFEL is a top-level authority on Noah Webster and is the author of numerous works on the English language and its literature. Presently on a Fulbright Fellowship to Germany, Mr. Warfel has been professor of English at the University of Florida. "Look in Webster's," is selected from "Letters of Noah Webster," © 1953, by Library Publishers.

PHILIP LINDSAY, whose family background includes artists, novelists, and writers, was born in Sydney, Australia. At 23, he went to England during the "slump" and, by doing odd jobs, he managed to write his first novel which won recognition from the critics and inspired him to continue his literary work. "The Haunted Genius," from his latest book, "The Haunted Man," interprets vividly the childhood adversity of Edgar Allen Poe, © 1954 by the Philosophical Library.

JOHN BURROUGHS' nature writings are part of American literature. "Sweet Miser," is published through the courtesy of Houghton-Mifflin & Co.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, named as the most important woman in the world, writes of the late President's association with Bernard Baruch in her "Foreword," which is reprinted from "Peace through Strength," by Morris V. Rosenbloom, published by Farrar, Straus and Young, © 1953.

FROM THE WISDOM OF BERNARD BARUCH has been compiled from the elder statesman's writings and public addresses, some of which were delivered at his alma mater, the City College of New York, and later published as "a Philosophy for Our Time," by Simon and Schuster, © 1954 by the City College.

DR. ALLAN FROMME is a member of the American Psychological Association, the Eastern Psychological Association and the National Committee for Mental Hygiene. He has conducted courses on marriage at the New School for Social Research and was chief psychologist of the Child Guidance Clinic at St. Luke's Hospital, New York. "Why We Marry," is a terse analysis excerpted from his book, "The Psychologist Looks at Sex and Marriage," © 1950 by Prentice-Hall.

SIR LEONARD WOOLLEY, British archeologist, is known for his work in the ruins of Ur of the Chaldees. His ability to vividly recreate human life and drama of the past from the fragments of excavations is shown in "Digging Up History," excerpted from an address he delivered over the British Broadcasting Corporation network.

WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS, associate justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, is regarded as one of the most brilliant judges of our time. His experience and travels, coupled with his discerning observation and writing skill, are evidenced in his books, "Men and Mountains," "Strong Lands and Friendly People," "North of Malaya," and "Adventure of Five Fronts." "When Witchcraft Reigned" has been excerpted from his most recent book, "An Almanac of Liberty," © 1954, published by Doubleday & Co.

LEO ROSTEN is a prominent author and educator who, under Carnegie and Rockefeller Foundation Grants, made an extensive study of the motion picture industry in Hollywood. "The Motion Picture Producer," is adapted from his book, "Hollywood: the Movie Colony, the Movie Makers," © 1941 by Harcourt, Brace and Co.

DR. EDMUND JACOBSON is a director of the University of Chicago laboratory of clinical physiology, a member of the American College of Physicians, and a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. "You Must Relax" is from the book of the same name, © 1934, 1942, 1948 by Edmund Jacobson, published by McGraw-Hill.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON, Dutch-American historian, came to the United States to attend Harvard and Cornell Universities, and established the history department of Antioch College. His many works help to humanize and popularize history. "Story of the Bible," "The Arts," and "Story of Mankind," from which we have selected "Simple Life in Greece," are indicative of his agility as a historian, © 1951 Liveright Publishing Corp.

DEEMS TAYLOR has won fame as a composer and writer. He has served as musical advisor for CBS and for years was music critic for the *New York World*. Among his imposing array of books are "Fantasia," "Music to My Ears," and "Of Men and Music," from which the profile, "Little Giant of Music," was selected, © 1937, published by Simon & Schuster.

JOACHIM G. LEITHAUSER studied philosophy and social sciences at the University of Berlin. During the war he secretly translated James Harvey Robinson's "The Mind in the Making," which was on the Nazi regime's proscribed list. "Worlds Beyond the Horizon," the author's fourth book, is a chronicle of human adventure from 530 B. C. to the predictable future. "Tomorrow's Explorers," has been excerpted from this work which was translated from the German by Hugh Merrick and published by Alfred A. Knopf, © 1955.

J. CHRISTOPHER HEROLD is an editor at Columbia University Press. Educated in Austria, Germany, Switzerland and at Columbia University, he became an American citizen in 1939. His previous books are "The Swiss Without Halos," and "Joan, Maid of France." Our excerpt from his work, "The Mind of Napoleon," gives a penetrating description of a man who not only made history but tried to predict its future course, © 1955 by Columbia University Press.

VINCENT VAN GOGH, the artist, was intensely interested in Christianity. As a young man he went to the Belgian coal fields as a missionary and there first began to make rough sketches. "We Must Become Men," is from a letter Van Gogh wrote to his beloved younger brother, Theo.

MARSHALL FISHWICK'S "America's Sagebrush Hero," is the saga of the American cowboy. It is an excerpt from his book, "American Heroes: Myth and Reality," © 1954 by Public Affairs Press.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK, Belgian-French dramatist and poet, is of Flemish descent. His lucid writings, whether in drama, philosophy, or natural history, reveal the mystery which lies beneath the surface of ordinary life. "Happiness Is Contagious," is a selection from "Treasury of Philosophy," © 1955, by the Philosophical Library.

P. E. CHARVET'S article, "Portrait of France," interprets French social life, national habits and political philosophy. A teacher at Cambridge University, Mr. Charvet's scholarly work defines the French people as individualists and idealists. The article was excerpted from his book, "France," © 1955 by Frederick A. Praeger.

BEN GRAF HENNEKE, a founder of the University Association for Professional Radio Education, is administrative vice-president of the University of Tulsa. Mr. Henneke is the educational advisor to the National Association of Broadcasters and has written the "Radio Announcer's Handbook." "The Art of Reading Aloud" is excerpted from his latest book, "Reading Aloud Effectively," published by Rinehart & Co., © 1954 by Ben Graf Henneke.

IRWIN EDMAN was one of America's most brilliant philosophers. Until his death, he was a Johnsonian Professor of Philosophy at Columbia University. "John Dewey: Public Thinker" is from his significant study, "Philosopher's Holiday," © 1938, and published by arrangement with Viking Press.

THOMAS CRAVEN has written the life story of one of America's best known artists in the article, "Pinkie Ryder: Master Painter." It is an excerpt from his book, "Men of Art," © 1931 by Simon and Schuster.

ROLLO MAY, in addition to his clinical practice, is on the faculty of the William Alanson White Institute of Psychiatry, Psychoanalysis and Psychology and is chairman of the Joint Council of New York State Psychologists. "Man, the Conqueror of Time" is selected from his book, "Man's Search for Himself," © 1953 by W. W. Norton & Co.

FRANCIS L. BERKELEY, JR., curator of manuscripts at the University of Virginia and editor of the "Jefferson Papers," links important details to reveal yet another facet of Thomas Jefferson's personality – that of "gentleman farmer." Published for the American Philosophical Society by Princeton University Press, "Thomas Jefferson's Farm Book" was edited by Edwin Morris Betts, © 1953.

HERBERT HOOVER, the thirty-first President of the United States, has made a distinguished contribution to American life both as a political leader and as a humanitarian. His spirit is eloquently represented in "The Franklin Legacy," excerpted from an address he delivered on accepting the Gold Medal of the International Benjamin Franklin Society.

LUCIUS ANNAEUS SENECA lived in Nero's day as the most distinguished citizen of Rome. Though for a time he had influence over the young emperor, his position was alienated when Nero grew jealous of his popularity. In 65 A. D., Seneca was condemned by Nero to take his own life. He was denied the use of a tablet with which to make a will and told his friends he could leave them only "the pattern of his life." The Editors have selected "On Virtue" from Seneca's philosophies.

HAL STEBBINS' wise and witty "Dictionary for Moderns" has gained wide reader interest. A nationally-known writer, advertising executive and publishers' consultant, Mr. Stebbins has a deft style with definitions. WISDOM'S feature is excerpted from the second edition of "Dictionary for Moderns," © 1956.

# *Invitation* TO UNDERSTANDING

*by Frederick Mayer*

> *"The secret of life is to see things under the aspect of eternity."*
>
> —SPINOZA

Spinoza has been called the god-intoxicated thinker. He lived in Holland from 1632 to 1677 and his *Ethics* is considered a masterpiece in world literature. In this book he tried to define the nature of man and his relationship to God. Spinoza was excommunicated from his original faith and all his life was devoted to finding a universal form of religion.

Spinoza believed that man moves from bondage to freedom. Man is in bondage as long as he considers his own feelings as ultimate and as long as he is guided by irrational passions. This became the theme of Somerset Maugham's unforgettable novel *Of Human Bondage.*

As man, according to Spinoza, sees that the universe is guided by rigid laws and as he realizes his unity with God, he achieves the perspective of freedom. Liberty is not an external condition, but a *state of the soul.* It implies a perspective whereby the present, the now becomes part of eternity. Real immortality in Spinoza's philosophy lies in our identification with a principle which goes beyond space and time, and which is truly infinite and ever-lasting. *Man's divinity then is his reason* and man's greatness consists in his ability to see life, civilization, and the universe under the aspect of totality.

We are living in an age of *anxiety. We are suspended between a future which we cannot comprehend and a past which we cannot recover.* Living in an age of flux and constant change we tend to rely upon our senses and we feel that our own desires and ambitions are the measure of the universe.

Many of us are so seduced by immediacy that we lose sight of lasting values. We believe that success is all-important; we rely too much upon material comforts; we are guided too much by the idols of the tribe.

How much happier we would be if we adopted the perspective of Spinoza and if we saw our life and the universe with a broad perspective. We would treasure more inward values; we would be closer to our friends and more compassionate with our families. *We would preserve a sense of humility in moments of triumph and a sense of expectancy in moments of disaster. We would achieve the perspective of peace amidst conflict, of serenity amidst turmoil, and fortitude amidst the twilight of despair.* ♦

# My Broken Doll

*by Helen Keller*

The most important day I remember in all my life is the one on which my teacher, Anne Mansfield Sullivan, came to me. I am filled with wonder when I consider the immeasurable contrast between the two lives which that day connects. It was the third of March, 1887, three months before I was seven years old.

I felt approaching footsteps. I stretched out my hand as I supposed to my mother. Someone took it, and I was caught up and held close in the arms of her who had come to reveal all things to me, and more than all things else, to love me.

The morning after my teacher came she led me into her room and gave me a doll. The little blind children at the Perkins Institution had sent it and Laura Bridgman had dressed it, but I did not know this until afterward.

When I had played with it a little while, Miss Sullivan slowly spelled into my hand the word "d-o-l-l." I was at once interested in this finger play and tried to imitate it. When I finally succeeded in making the letters correctly I was flushed with childish pleasure and pride. Running downstairs to my mother I held up my hand and made the letters for doll. I did not know that I was spelling a word or even that words existed; I was simply making my fingers go in monkey-like imitation.

In the days that followed I learned to spell in this uncomprehending way a great many words, among them *pin*, *hat*, *cup*, and a few verbs like *sit*, *stand*, and *walk*. But my teacher had been with me several weeks before I understood that everything has a name.

One day while I was playing with my new doll, Miss Sullivan put my big rag doll into my lap also, spelled "d-o-l-l" and tried to make me understand that "d-o-l-l" applied to both. Earlier in the day we had had a tussle over the words "m-u-g" and "w-a-t-e-r." Miss Sullivan had tried to impress it upon me that "m-u-g" is *mug* and that "w-a-t-e-r" is *water*, but I was persistent in confounding the two. In despair she had dropped the subject for the time, only to renew it at the first opportunity.

I became impatient at her repeated attempts and, seizing the new doll, I dashed it upon the floor. I was keenly delighted when I felt the fragments of the broken doll at my feet. Neither sorrow nor regret followed my passionate outburst. I had not loved the doll. In the still, dark world in which I lived there was no strong sentiment or tenderness. I felt my teacher sweep the fragments to one side of the hearth, and I had a sense of satisfaction that the cause of my discomfort was removed.

She brought me my hat, and I knew I was going out into the warm sunshine. This thought, if a wordless sensation may be called a thought, made me hop and skip with pleasure.

We walked down the path to the well house, attracted by the fragrance of the honeysuckle with which it was covered. Someone was drawing water and my teacher placed my hand under the spout. As the cool stream gushed over one hand she spelled into the other the word *water*, first slowly, then rapidly. I stood still, my whole attention fixed upon the motions of her fingers.

Suddenly I felt a misty consciousness as of something forgotten—a thrill of returning thought, and somehow the mystery of language

was revealed to me. I knew then that "w-a-t-e-r" meant the wonderful cool something that was flowing over my hand. That living word awakened my soul, gave it light, hope, joy, set it free! There were barriers still, it is true, but barriers that could in time be swept away.

I left the well house eager to learn. Everything had a name, and each name gave birth to a new thought. As we returned to the house every object which I touched seemed to quiver with life. That was because I saw everything with the strange, new sight that had come to me. On entering the door I remembered the doll I had broken. I felt my way to the hearth and picked up the pieces. I tried vainly to put them together. Then my eyes filled with tears, for I realized what I had done, and for the first time I felt repentance and sorrow.

I learned a great many new words that day. I do not remember what they all were, but I do know that *mother*, *father*, *sister*, *teacher* were among them — words that were to make the world blossom for me, "like Aaron's rod, with flowers."

I remember the morning that I first asked the meaning of the word "love." This was before I knew many words. I had found a few early violets in the garden and brought them to my teacher. She tried to kiss me, but at that time I did not like to have any one kiss me except my mother. Miss Sullivan put her arm gently round me and spelled into my hand, "I love Helen."

"What is love?" I asked.

She drew me closer to her and said, "It is here," pointing to my heart, whose beats I was conscious of for the first time. Her words puzzled me very much because I did not then understand anything unless I touched it.

I smelled the violets in her hand and asked, half in words, half in signs, a question which meant, "Is love the sweetness of flowers?"

"No," said my teacher.

Again I thought. The warm sun was shining on us.

"Is this not love?" I asked, pointing in the direction from which the heat came, "Is this not love?"

It seemed to me that there could be nothing more beautiful than the sun, whose warmth makes all things grow. But Miss Sullivan shook her head, and I was greatly puzzled and disappointed.

A day or two afterward I was stringing beads of different sizes in symmetrical groups — two large beads, three small ones, and so on. I had made many mistakes, and Miss Sullivan had pointed them out again and again with gentle patience. Finally I noticed a very obvious error in the sequence and for an instant I concentrated my attention on the lesson and tried to think how I should have arranged the beads. Miss Sullivan touched my forehead and spelled with decided emphasis, "Think."

In a flash I knew that the word was the name of the process that was going on in my head. This was my first conscious perception of an abstract idea.

For a long time I was still — I was not thinking of the beads in my lap, but trying to find a meaning for "love" in the light of this new idea. The sun had been under a cloud all day, and there had been brief showers, but suddenly the sun broke forth in all its southern splendor.

Again I asked my teacher, "Is this not love?"

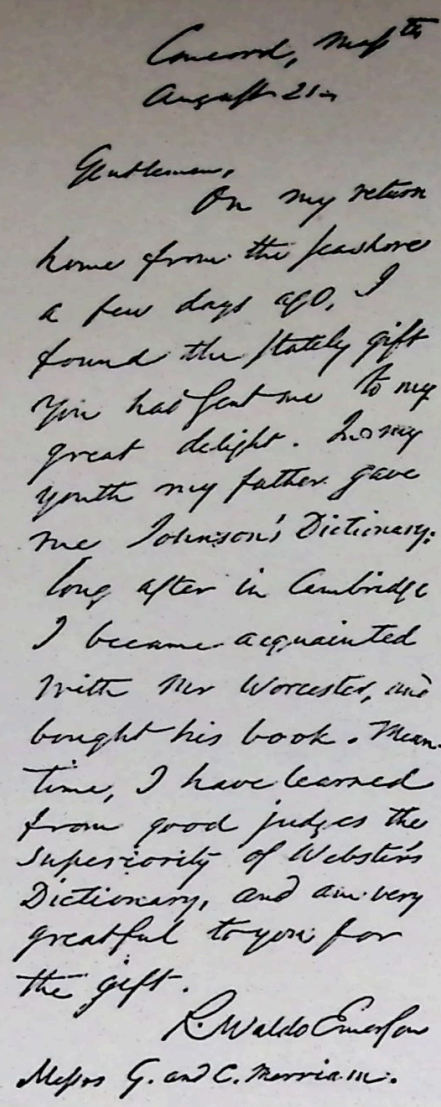
"Love is something like the clouds that were in the sky before the sun came out," she replied. Then in simpler words than these, which at that time I could not have understood, she explained: "You cannot touch the clouds, you know, but you feel the rain and know how glad the flowers and the thirsty earth are to have it after a hot day. You cannot touch love either, but you feel the sweetness that it pours into everything. Without love you would not be happy or want to play."

The beautiful truth burst upon me — I felt that there were invisible lines stretched between my spirit and the spirits of others. ♦

*A graduate cum laude of Radcliffe College (1904), Helen Keller has been awarded many honorary degrees, the most recent in June, 1955, when Harvard University made her a Doctor of Law.*

*From the time she was a young girl, Miss Keller has taken a walk twice a day. She "sees" flowers with her hands and is sensitive to fragrances others seldom notice.*

*The Chinese Lantern in her garden is a gift from the Orient. She has become a world-wide inspiration through her far-reaching lecture tours in behalf of the blind and through her many books. Mark Twain said of the 19th century, "its two most interesting characters were Helen Keller and Napoleon."*



Concord, Mass^tts
August 21st

Gentlemen,

On my return home from the seashore a few days ago, I found the stately gift you had sent me to my great delight. In my youth my father gave me Johnson's Dictionary. Long after in Cambridge I became acquainted with Mr Worcester, and bought his book. Meantime, I have learned from good judges the superiority of Webster's Dictionary, and am very grateful to you for the gift.

R. Waldo Emerson

Messrs G. and C. Merriam.

"I have learned from good judges the superiority of Webster's Dictionary."—R. WALDO EMERSON

# Look in WEBSTER'S

*by Harry R. Warfel*

AN

AMERICAN DICTIONARY

OF THE

ENGLISH LANGUAGE:

INTENDED TO EXHIBIT,

I. The origin, affinities and primary signification of English words, as far as they have been ascertained.
II. The genuine orthography and pronunciation of words, according to general usage, or to fixed principles of analogy.
III. Accurate and discriminating definitions, with numerous authorities and illustrations.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,

AN INTRODUCTORY DISSERTATION

ON THE

ORIGIN, HISTORY AND CONNECTION OF THE

LANGUAGES OF WESTERN ASIA AND OF EUROPE.

AND A CONCISE GRAMMAR

OF THE

ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

BY NOAH WEBSTER, LL. D.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

He that wishes to be counted among the benefactors of posterity, must add, by his own toil, to the acquisitions of his ancestors.—*Rambler*

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY S. CONVERSE.
PRINTED BY HEZEKIAH HOWE—OLD HAVEN
1828.

*Title page of Noah Webster's monumental dictionary*

PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS

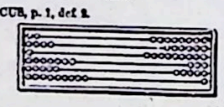
FOR

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY.

*The figures given refer to the page in the Dictionary, where the word and its appropriate definition may be found. Where the page is not indicated, the word may usually be found in its appropriate alphabetical place in the Appendix.*

A.

ABACUS, p. 1, def. 2.



ACALEPHÆ, p. 8.

1. Medusa pellucens. 2. Rhizostoma Cuvieri.

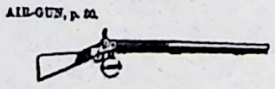
ÆGIS, p. 23.

Pallas with the Ægis.

AILETTES, n. (Fr. *little wings.*)

A term applied to the small square shields of arms which were worn upon the shoulders of knights during a part of the middle ages. They were the prototypes of the modern epaulets.

AIR-GUN, p. 30.



ALCHEMIST, p. 52.

ALLECRET, n., [Ger. *all strength.*]

Light armor, used both by cavalry and infantry in the sixteenth century, and more especially by the Swiss. It consisted of a breastplate and gussets, often reaching to the middle of the thigh, and sometimes below the knees.

Almeret Armor, a.d. 1440.

ALTAR, p. 29, def. 1.

Grecian Altar.

AMPHIBIOUS ANIMALS.

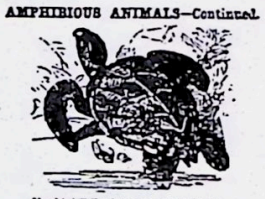
MOOSE, p. 760.

Moose or Walrus (Trichechus rosmarus.)

TORTOISE, p. 1161, def. 1.

Common or Greek Tortoise (Testudo Græca.)

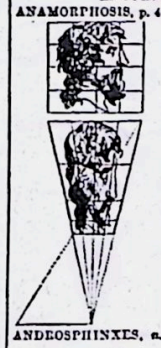
AMPHIBIOUS ANIMALS—Continued.



Hawk's-bill Turtle (Chelonia imbricata). (See Tortoise Shell, p. 1161.)

Hawk's-bill Turtle, under side.

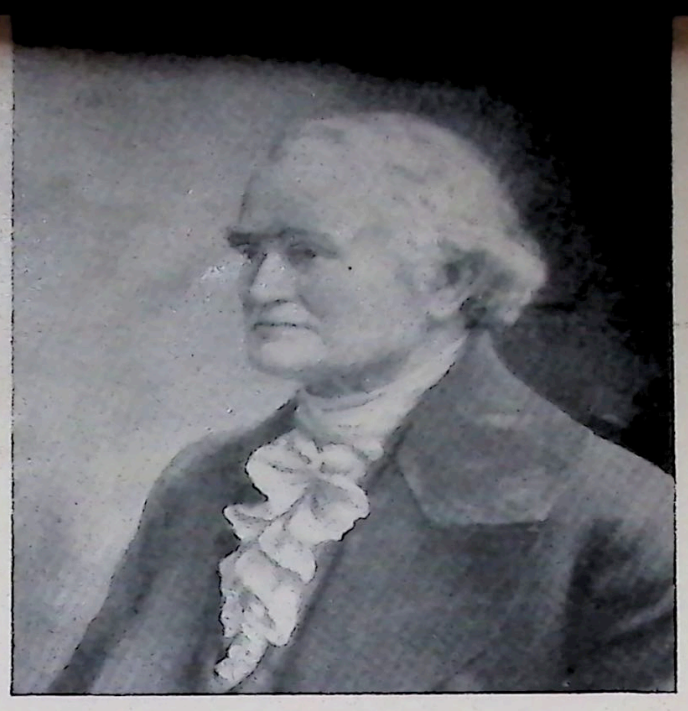
ANAMORPHOSIS, p. 46, def. 1.



In *perspective drawings*, a deformed or distorted portrait or figure, which, in one point of view is confused or unintelligible, and in another, is an exact and regular representation; or confused to the naked eye, but reflected from a plane or curved mirror, appearing regular, and in right proportion.

ANDROSPHINXES, n. [G. ανηρ, *andros*, a man, and σφιγξ, a sphinx.] In *Egyptian art*, lions with human heads.

*Facsimile page from the 1859 American dictionary with illustrations*



Noah Webster.

"Look in Webster's" and "look in the dictionary" are identical in meaning. This farmer's son, who began life in West Hartford, Connecticut, had an amazing ability to look into the essence of a word to define its root meaning. His monumental work, *An American Dictionary of the English Language,* published in 1828 when he was 70, has served authoritatively in its successive editions as an indispensable reference work for scholars and for laymen. No other book, the Bible excepted, ever enjoyed among English-speaking people so wide a usefulness or has been so continuously a source of guidance to young and old.

The great Dictionary, begun in 1800, was originally designed to correct Dr. Samuel Johnson's work. Webster announced that he was embarking upon the task of compiling a *Dictionary of the American Language* in three forms: a small one for schools, a larger one for businessmen, and a complete one for men of learning.

"New circumstances, new modes of life, new ideas of various kinds," he said, "give rise to new words, and have already made many material differences between the language of England and America."

Webster was called an absurd, vain innovator. And a former Yale tutor wrote: "Let, then, the projected volume of *foul* and *unclean* things bear his own Christian name and be called Noah's Ark."

In a letter to Thomas Dawes he said, " it has been objected that I am attempting to *alter the English language.* This objection is unfounded. It seems to have its origin in the opinion that Johnson, Lowth, and English writers of a like character have given us the *real language* in its true orthography and with a just explanation of its principles and idioms.

"This is a great error of which the learned in Great Britain as well as America unquestionably will be disabused. Placing great confidence in the English authors whose works are in most repute, I labored to make myself master of the language and once thought that I had nearly accomplished my purpose. I now find this is a great mistake."

As a preliminary step Webster learned the Anglo-Saxon, the mother tongue of the present English. This unfolded new principles and to his surprise proved that many of the rules of our grammars and some of his own were not well-founded. He wrote "the orthography is unsettled: no two authors are agreed on the spelling of some classes of words, and no dictionary is consistent with itself. And, further, some of the oldest and best established rules of orthography are disregarded by every writer without exception."

By 1806 Webster had satisfied himself that he had the principles of the spelling, pronounciation, and grammar well in hand, but he lamented "the wretched state of etymological learning."

After compiling the words of the first two letters of the alphabet, Webster realized that some guiding principle must be utilized in determining the origin of a word. The one sure clue seemed to be in the regularity with which words preserved their consonantal structure. This structure—like *s-ng* in *sing, sang, song, sung* or *b-g* in *bag, beg, big, bog, bug*—he called the "radical." "I adopted a new plan of investigating," he wrote, "that of examining and comparing the primary elements, articulations, or consonants of words in 20 different languages."

The results of this ten year investigation were incorporated in a still unpublished Synopsis. Then with this etymological work completed in 1817, he moved steadily forward to complete *An American Dictionary.* In June, 1824, he went to France, where he collected new scientific terms. Then in September he moved to Cambridge, England, where in the University Library, in January, 1825, he entered the final word in his book. Webster returned home and put the book to press in New Haven.

Publication brought praise from almost every prominent American. Even James Madison, then rector of the University of Virginia, commended Webster's "learned research, elaborate discrimination, and taste for careful definition."

Webster mortgaged his home to issue a second edition. After his death the work was taken over by George and Charles Merriam. Many etymologies and definitions in the original edition survive in the latest edition as a silent tribute to the accuracy of the man who undauntedly over a period of 25 years continued his researches amid an almost continuous shower of abuse.

But Noah Webster was not a studious recluse, not a mere bookworm who avoided the world of action. He touched life at almost every point, and he did much to help shape the thinking of Americans in the critical first years of the young American republic when two courses of action seemed necessary.

One was to teach children, along with the rudiments of learning, American principles of ethical conduct and political procedure. Toward this end Webster included in the three parts of *A Grammatical Institute of the English Language*—a Spelling Book (1783), a Grammar (1784), and a Reader (1785)—including many maxims on the management of one's life as an individual and as a citizen.

Later he prepared textbooks on American history, geography, and biology. The word *American* became an almost indispensable element in the titles and the spirit of his books. More to Webster than to any other person can be traced the nationalistic emphasis in the elementary school training of his generation.

A second course of action was also necessary. The public-at-large required instruction in its rights and its duties. Toward this end Webster began on January 31, 1782, to publish, either anonymously or over his signature, the "substance of volumes" in newspaper essays.

Throughout his life, Webster wrote political, economic, religious, social, and moral essays with the ease of a trained journalist. Two months before his death he put to press a volume of essays and letters. One of these, *Origin of the Copy-right Laws in the United States,* sums up Webster's labors from 1782 to 1831 in behalf of state and national legislation for securing to authors a protection of their publications. It was largely owing to his efforts that every state passed such a law by 1788.

Although Noah Webster is remembered only as a lexicographer, his contributions to American political stability in the early years of the new nation and his leadership in the formation of a nationalistic system of education place him among the fathers of our country. ♦

# HAUNTED GENIUS

*by Philip Lindsay*

Son of shiftless parents and at an early age fatherless and motherless, Edgar Allan Poe was born to live in nightmare. His life, almost from birth, might well have been his own creation, following a pattern similar to one of his tales, macabre and frenzied and ending on a note of pointless tragedy.

The story, *William Wilson,* was largely autobiographical, not only in external details, but in its emotional content. Here, Poe opened his heart and confessed that his own pitiless destroyer was himself. Most men, were they honest, might make a similar confession. Yet with Poe this was not entirely true.

He might have destroyed himself, but the seeds of that destruction were germinated in childhood. Always haunting him was the thought of death in love: of the death of his mother, then of the death of a woman he loved, then the death of his foster-mother, and finally of his wife. These four, whom he loved, died as though his kiss were lethal.

This tormented longing which sent him, half-mad, to his death was also the mainspring of his genius. Therefore he must be neither pitied nor condemned. Had he not been this tortured creature seeking a coffin for a bridal couch he would never have written the extraordinary and sometimes great tales that he did write.

However grotesque they may appear to us, those tales were real to him, the outcome of desires he dared not confess and, despite their theatrical setting and excessive horror, they remain great because of their reality in his imagination. Often by the force of his mind, by the fury of his secret and forbidden lusts, he compels us to accept them and, for a while, to become as mad and as frightened as he was himself.

For Poe was a frightened man; and he was mad, as the world judges madness. Only great self-control and escape through drink and drugs restrained that charnel-house monster in his soul who, had he dared give it rein, would probably have driven him to acts as terrible as any he conceived in his tales.

From youth to the grave he lived a haunted existence—haunted by unrealized hopes, by death in love, by the stupidity, the near-madness of many of his own acts, and by the futility of expecting fame, security and happiness in an indifferent world that valued gold above poetry.

He found relief only in self-destruction, by the taking of drugs that gave him the key to a wonderful elysium over which he was master. Drink and drugs could lift him into this heaven, but afterwards inevitably they tossed him into hell. And of these two, drink was the more dangerous.

When he vanishes from history, concealed in peace with his small family circle, we may conclude that he has the laudanum bottle on the table and is writing far into the night. But when he swaggers through the streets, insolent, insulting, abusive, riotous, we know that he has taken to drink.

Little happiness did he find in life, save in boyhood, and that was soon lost to him. Then brutally he was taught that he must somehow stand alone in a hostile world against which he was defenseless. For death, while robbing him of love, had given him no armor in its place.

When he was a child, his mother died. This unhappy woman, Elizabeth Arnold, had been born to the stage—which explains much of the theatricality of her son's writings.

They were so poor that within three weeks after Edgar's birth Mrs. Poe was again working. Another boy, William Henry Leonard, had been born sometime in 1807, Edgar appearing in January 1809. Both boys would seem to have been inclined to tuberculosis, and doubtless this weakness was inherited from their mother, Mrs. Poe being delicate and short-lived.

Tubercular, poverty-stricken, the unfortunate woman was not allowed to rest, and she had to continue on the stage. So ill was

she that appeals were made in the newspapers for help while benefit performances were given. The result must have been small for she continued to act. This courageous, tragic actress with the doe's eyes, singing and dancing on the edge of the grave, makes an almost too appropriate mother for Edgar Poe.

In his cruel tales he imagined few scenes so pathetic, because so human, as this. He would have placed her in the glare of hell, thunder and lightning about her and worms on her toes. But such machinery could never touch us as does the thought of this young mother of roughly 23—doomed, and knowing that she was doomed, to an early death... with three children, one a baby, whom she must leave destitute—who yet night after night heroically appeared to croak her merriment and to move her tired limbs in the dance.

The final curtain fell at Richmond, to which the dying woman went during August 1811. Ordinary folk have always been curious about stage people, and their curiosity was greater in those days when actors and actresses were considered scarcely respectable. All the more exciting, therefore, was it for the men to saunter close in the hope of venery, and for the women, leaving their airless, perfumed boudoirs, to be titillated by the proximity of painted women who allowed men to leer at them upon a public stage. The sad state of Mrs. Poe was well known and her illness gave an excuse for the ladies to visit her on the plea of charity.

*Poe's house in Baltimore is still a popular tourist attraction.*

Not far from the theater stood the mercantile house of Ellis and Allan, dealers in anything profitable, Scotsmen who recognized a bargain. The wife of John Allan, Frances Keeling, noticed little Edgar Poe. After eight years of marriage, she remained barren, and by this time both she and her husband must have despaired of her ever conceiving. It was understandable that her starved maternity yearned to possess this pretty boy whose mother was plainly dying.

Allan was a hard man, a cautious, ambitious man of business—but it would be unfair to judge him by his later treatment of Poe. That he was no worse, if not better, than many of his fellows is proved by his bowing to his wife's whim and allowing her to take charge of the boy after the mother's death.

Many of Poe's biographers have been unimaginatively harsh to Allan's memory. They forget that had it not been for the security he gave, no matter how reluctantly, the boy might well have died. Naturally, Allan never suspected that genius was in this dark imp, the child of an actress. What he could see, and he later noted it with jealous resentment, was that his wife's love for the orphan appeared excessive and the excessiveness of that love made more conspicuous the childlessness of his home.

To add to his irritation there was the thought that the boy was the child of an actress and a husband presumed to be dead. Such stock, he must have felt, could come to no good. And as proof of this, the boy, when he grew older, showed no interest in trade.

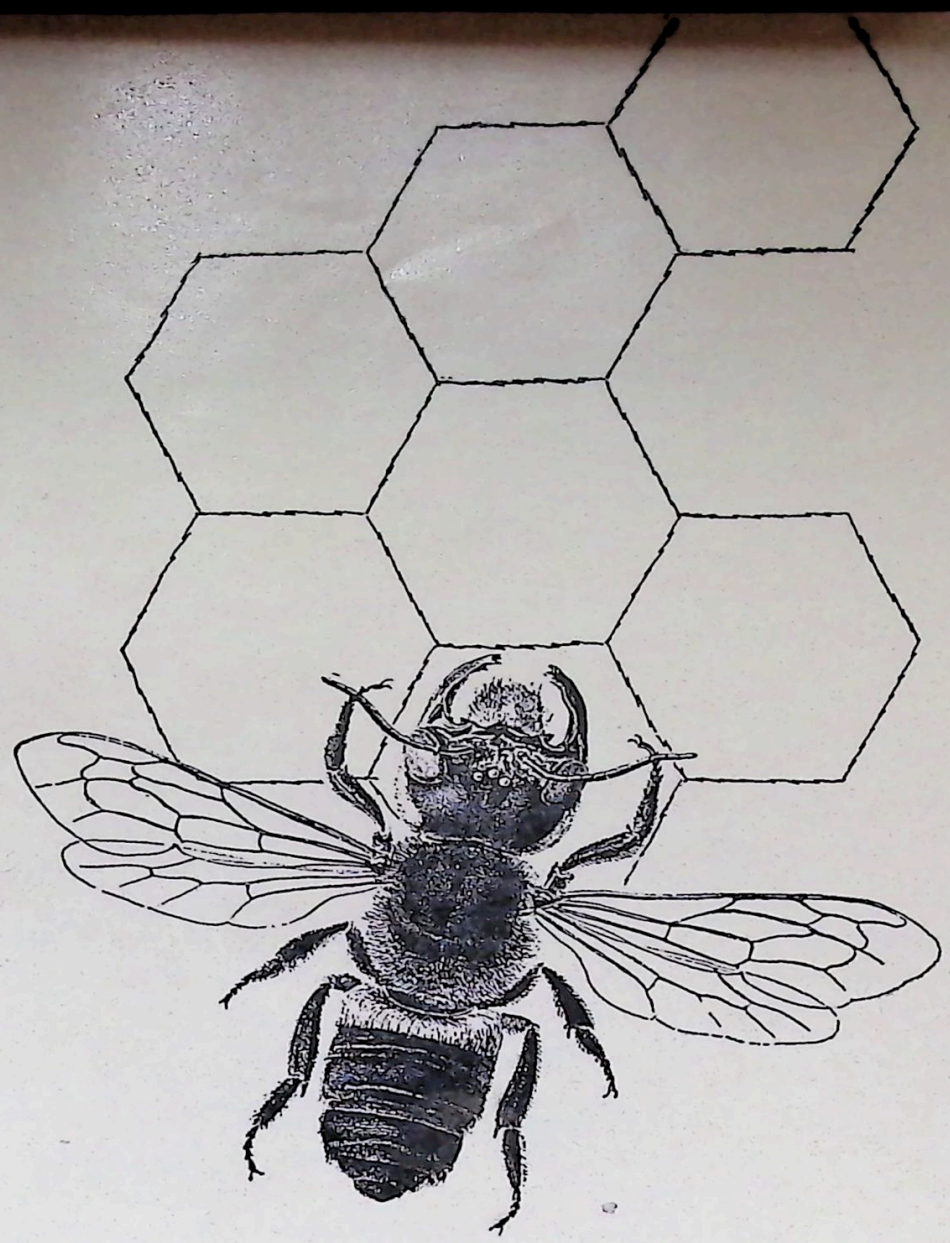
No greater contrast could have been found than between this man and Poe, yet one senses between them a secret, unspoken bond. Rage at and condemn Poe as Allan was to do, always under his moral outcries there runs a certain uneasiness. His shouting sounds like the shouting of a man demanding to be rid of an incubus he cannot understand yet which fascinates him and which uneasily in his heart he loves. In his fashion, Poe also loved and feared this strange, taciturn man who had such power over his destiny.

Drawn towards each other, driven apart from each other, they were bound by an emotional bond—perhaps by love for Mrs. Allan, perhaps because unconsciously Allan was aware of the genius in the youth—and certainly on Poe's part because his weak will, his craving for security demanded that he be given a home and a father he could respect.

Neither of these dreams of his was he to achieve. A home he was to build in time—a poverty-stricken home of many addresses, with always the debt-collector lurking to waylay him—but never after he left the Allan household did he know true happiness or was he safe from fear. A "mother" he did manage to find, and she, at least, proved herself all that he could have wished.

But nothing could rid him of terror, of the sense of being lost, unloved, fatherless, motherless, destitute and alone. Destiny's tragic fool, he was almost from birth dedicated to suffering, poverty and madness. Driven by the will-o'-the-wisp—of the memory of safety in the comforting arms of Frances Allan and the image of the mother he could scarcely have remembered—he was never to know peace.

The boy at this early age was facing the world without love. Loved though he often was, to the end he was to remain essentially alone—frightened and defying his fears, tortured and shouting at the unanswering dark—while longing for death, for peace in the grave and a return to his mother's arms. ♦



# SWEET MISER

*by John Burroughs*

There is not one of the creatures with which man has surrounded himself that seems so much like a product of civilization as the honeybee. Indeed, a colony of bees, with their neatness and love of order, their division of labor, their public spiritedness, their thrift, their complex economies and their inordinate love of gain, seems as far removed from a condition of rude nature as does a walled city or a cathedral town.

Our native bee, on the other hand, the "burly, dozing bumblebee," affects one more like the rude, untutored savage. He has learned nothing from experience. He lives from hand to mouth. He luxuriates in time of plenty and he starves in time of scarcity. He lives in a rude nest or in a hole in the ground and in small communities. He builds a few deep cells or sacks in which he stores a little honey and beebread for his young, but as a worker in wax he is of the most primitive and awkward.

The Indian regarded the honeybee as an ill omen. She was the white man's fly. In fact, she was the epitome of the white man himself. She has the white man's craftiness, his industry, his architectural skill, his neatness and love of system, his foresight and, above all, his eager, miserly habits. The honeybee's great ambition is to be rich, to lay up great stores, to possess the sweet of every flower that blooms. She is more than provident. Enough will not satisfy her. She must have all she can get by hook or by crook.

She comes from the oldest country, Asia, and thrives best in the most fertile and long-settled lands. Yet the fact remains that the honeybee is essentially a wild creature and never has been and cannot be thoroughly domesticated. Its proper home is the woods, and thither every new swarm counts on going. And thither many do go, in spite of the care and watchfulness of the beekeeper.

Apparently every swarm of bees before it leaves the parent hive sends out exploring parties to look up the future home. The woods and groves are searched through and through and, no doubt, the privacy of many a squirrel and many a wood mouse is intruded upon.

One looks upon the woods with a new interest when he suspects they hold a colony of bees. What a pleasing secret it is—a tree with a heart of comb honey, a decayed oak or maple with secret chambers where lies hidden the wealth of ten thousand little freebooters—great nuggets and wedges of precious ore gathered with risk and labor from every field and wood about.

When a bee brings pollen into the hive he advances to the cell in which it is to be deposited and kicks it off as one might his overalls or rubber boots, making one foot help the other. Then he walks off without ever looking behind him. Another bee, one of the indoor hands, comes along and rams it down with his head and packs it into the cell as the dairymaid packs butter into a firkin.

The life of a swarm of bees is like an active and hazardous campaign of an army. The ranks are being continually depleted and continually recruited. A strong swarm during the honey season loses, on an average, about four or five thousand per month, or one hundred and fifty per day. They are overwhelmed by wind and rain, caught by spiders, benumbed by cold, crushed by cattle, drowned in rivers and ponds and, in many nameless ways, cut off or disabled.

In the spring the principal mortality is from the cold. As the sun declines they get chilled before they can reach home. Many fall down outside the hive, unable to get in with their burden. One may see them come utterly spent and drop hopelessly into the grass in front of their very doors. Before they can rest the cold has stiffened them. Heat is their life and an apparently lifeless bee may be revived by warming him.

It is amusing to see them come hurrying home when there is a thunderstorm approaching. They come piling in till the rain is upon them. Those that are overtaken by the storm doubtless weather it as best they can in the sheltering trees and grass.

It is not probable that a bee ever gets lost by wandering into strange and unknown parts. With their myriad eyes they see everything. Then their sense of locality is very acute—is, indeed, one of their ruling traits. When a bee marks the place of his hive, or of a bit of good pasturage in the fields or swamps, he returns to it as unerringly as fate.

Honey was a much more important article of food with the ancients than it is with us. As they appear to have been unacquainted with sugar, honey, no doubt, stood them instead. It is a more wholesome food than sugar and modern confectionery is poison beside it. Besides grape sugar, honey contains manna, mucilage, pollen, acid and other vegetable odoriferous substances and juices. It is a sugar with a kind of wild natural bread added. The manna of itself is both food and medicine and the pungent vegetable extracts have rare virtues.

The Emperor Augustus one day inquired of a centenarian how he had kept his vigor of mind and body so long. To which the veteran replied that it was by "oil without and honey within."

Hence it is not without reason that with the ancients a land flowing with milk and honey should mean a land abounding in all good things. And the queen in the nursery rhyme, who lingered in the kitchen to eat "bread and honey," while the "king was in the parlor counting out his money," was doing a very sensible thing.

Italy and Greece, in fact all the Mediterranean countries, appear to have been famous lands for honey. Mount Hymettus, Mount Hybla, and Mount Ida produced what may be called the classic honey of antiquity, an article doubtless in no wise superior to our best products. ♦

# FRIEND ★ ADVISER ★ VISIONARY

*by Eleanor Roosevelt*

Through many years of association, I have found Bernard Baruch to be a man who has placed his country above all personal considerations.

I like to think of Mr. Baruch as the practical visionary. All too often in our political and economic life, there is the tendency to scoff at someone who is labeled a visionary. But then someone comes along like Mr. Baruch who is the embodiment of the fact that the visionary also can possess realism and practicality.

If you do not know, from your experience, the answer to any given problem, then you try to find the right people to work out the answer. This, I think, is a quality which my husband possessed in a great degree—and it is one which Mr. Baruch possesses in equal measure. It is the quality of leadership that comes from one's own confidence in his ability to deal with problems and with the people who are capable of solving these problems.

To this end, you can never be afraid of the potentialities of any set of facts.You evaluate the facts and place the conclusions against the problems so as to best meet any eventuality. This has been, and is, the genius of Mr. Baruch.

In his public life—and how, I ask you, could a man of his wisdom and vision have escaped prominence in public life?—Mr. Baruch always has been conscious of the welfare of the people as a whole. Always, he has worked to keep the various segments of our economic life in balance.

For example, it is easy for many of us to forget that, in the early Twenties, Mr. Baruch took careful note of the sad economic plight of agriculture; and that he recruited two able men—George Peek and Hugh Johnson—to work out a program of "Equality for Agriculture." This purely public-spirited interest in agriculture, I have always felt, shows the tremendous depth of a man whose adult life, prior to his initiation in government service in World War I, has been spent in an entirely different field.

It is a unique position, indeed, that Mr. Baruch has filled in this country.

His many appearances before Congressional Committees have served a much broader purpose than merely their effect upon the thinking of Senators and Representatives. They have been splendid courses in adult education.

We have come to associate the necessity of preparedness for national security with his name. He has stressed this policy with great foresightedness. And his recommendations on atomic energy control made to the United Nations still stand, even after some years have elapsed, as the wisest counsel in the membership of the United States Commission on Atomic Energy that formulated our policy.

Significantly, his vision does not diminish with age. Rather, it becomes enlarged. He foresees the great possibilities of the cooperative use of atomic power for peaceful purposes and the building up, with the cooperative spirit of free nations, of the under-developed areas of the world. His mind is constantly at work on ways to establish the fuller life for all peoples. And no one could hope more passionately that this troubled world will soon have both peace and freedom.

Mr. Baruch was a trusted adviser to my husband, both in Albany and in Washington. Around any President there will always be at times personal jealousies which lead to stresses and misunderstandings, but Mr. Baruch, in his relationship with my husband, always rose above such conditions. And to me, personally, he has been a much appreciated adviser and warm friend. I have sought his help frequently on projects I have been interested in—and he has never failed in lending his support and guidance.

Mr. Baruch is a very independent gentleman. He differed at times with my husband on both policy and procedure. And there were times when some of those immediately associated with my husband—in the so-called "official family"—were jealous of outside advisers such as Mr Baruch. Under normal circumstances, these jealousies would have made it difficult for cordial relations to exist. But the President was impervious to stories or rumors about anyone when he felt they could give wise counsel and be of useful service; and, since Mr. Baruch is one of those all-too-uncommon people who can ignore past difficulties, he was always ready to be of service when called upon. Thus, I am happy to say, the personal relationship remained unbroken through all of my husband's years in the White House.

It is this desire—yes, this very yearning—to be of service that dominates Mr. Baruch. He has served his country well in the past, and I feel sure that his advice, if followed, will be of great benefit in the years to come.

## from the Wisdom of BERNARD BARUCH

As we learn to distill the salt of wisdom from the vast ocean of man's experience, I believe we will discover patterns that are clues to the natural laws governing human affairs.

★ ★ ★ ★

I would suggest that you take as your motto this thought from Huxley: "God give me strength to face a fact though it slay me."

★ ★ ★ ★

Lack of self-discipline, weird economics, strange ethics and perverted logic, if persisted in, will surely destroy us.

★ ★ ★ ★

All of us are consecrated to making an end of gloom and hopelessness. It will not be an easy job. The way is long and thorny, but supremely worth traveling. All of us want to stand erect, with our faces to the sun, instead of being forced to burrow into the earth, like rats.

★ ★ ★ ★

Take the obvious, add a cupful of brains, a generous pinch of imagination, a bucketful of courage and daring, stir well and bring it to a boil.

★ ★ ★ ★

To achieve the stability we yearn for in this world, we first must find stability within ourselves.

★ ★ ★ ★

My father, who was a doctor, often told me, "There are no such things as incurable diseases. There are only diseases for which man has not yet found a cure."

Our great wealth can be used or abused. We have no fear that it will not be used for the advantage of America and the world in the most rational and enlightened manner. The living standards of the world must be lifted, and ours go higher—not our standards be dragged down to those of others.

★ ★ ★ ★

Above all, we should keep in mind that the humanities come before the dollars. It may be trite to say it, but it should be said again and again—that our first duty runs to man before business, but we must not forget that sometimes the two are interchangeable.

★ ★ ★ ★

That old "nothing can be done" philosophy never did appeal to me. I have never believed that man had to lie down dumbly before anything, whether flood, fire, famine, disease, drought, earthquake—or the effects of man's own stupidities, including that most incredible folly of all—war.

*An outdoor man at every opportunity, Baruch (which means "blessed") keeps many of his appointments at his bench in Central Park where he chats and deliberates with the who's who of the world. He hunts and fishes at his plantation in South Carolina and, at 86, still takes a cold shower each morning.*

Savages crouched in terror before lightning. Benjamin Franklin harnessed it. We have wisely used and adapted the laws of chemistry and physics but not so wisely have we managed laws governing economics and human nature.

★ ★ ★ ★

It doesn't make any difference who says a thing or what the position of the man may be, the great question is: Is he right, or is he wrong?

★ ★ ★ ★

No human being can escape war's devastation. Victor, vanquished, and neutrals alike are affected physically, economically, and morally.

★ ★ ★ ★

Public opinion supports a world movement toward security. The people want a program not composed merely of pious thoughts but of enforceable sanctions—an international law with teeth in it.

★ ★ ★ ★

I beg you to remember that to delay may be to die. I beg you to believe that the United States seeks no special advantage. I beg you to hold fast to the principle of seeking the good of all, and not the advantage of one.

★ ★ ★ ★

I repeat—we welcome cooperation but we stand upon our basic principles, even if we stand alone.

★ ★ ★ ★

In all my life, now past the Biblical allotment of three score and ten years, never before have I seen so rich an opportunity for deathless service as is presented to us here. I want my country associated with victory in this great crusade. For myself, as I look upon a long past and too short a future, I believe the finest epitaph would be—'He helped to bring lasting peace to the world.'

★ ★ ★ ★

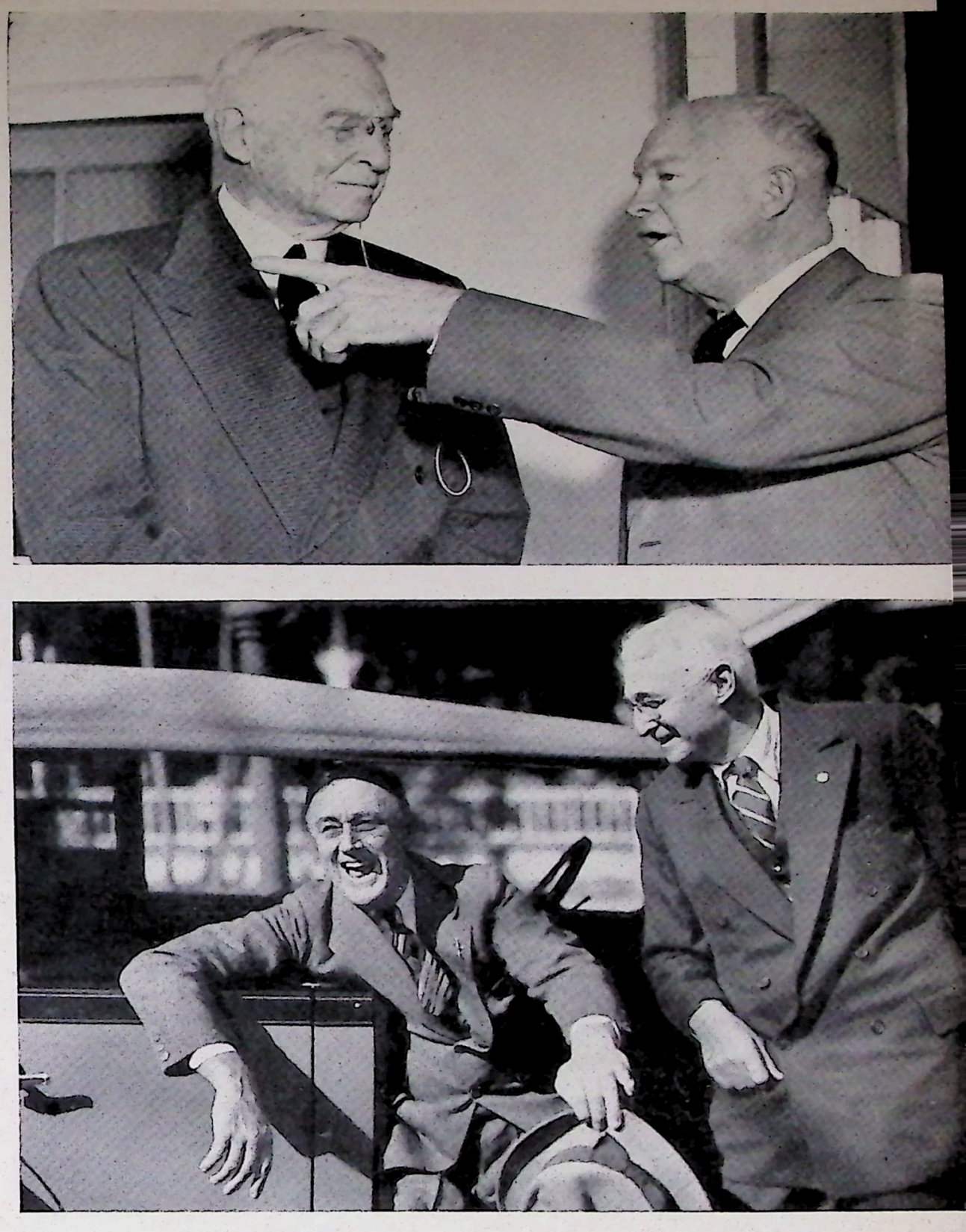
The elimination of war itself is within the range of possibility, I repeat: "The man who learns to say 'A' can learn, *if he chooses*, the rest of the alphabet, too."

★ ★ ★ ★

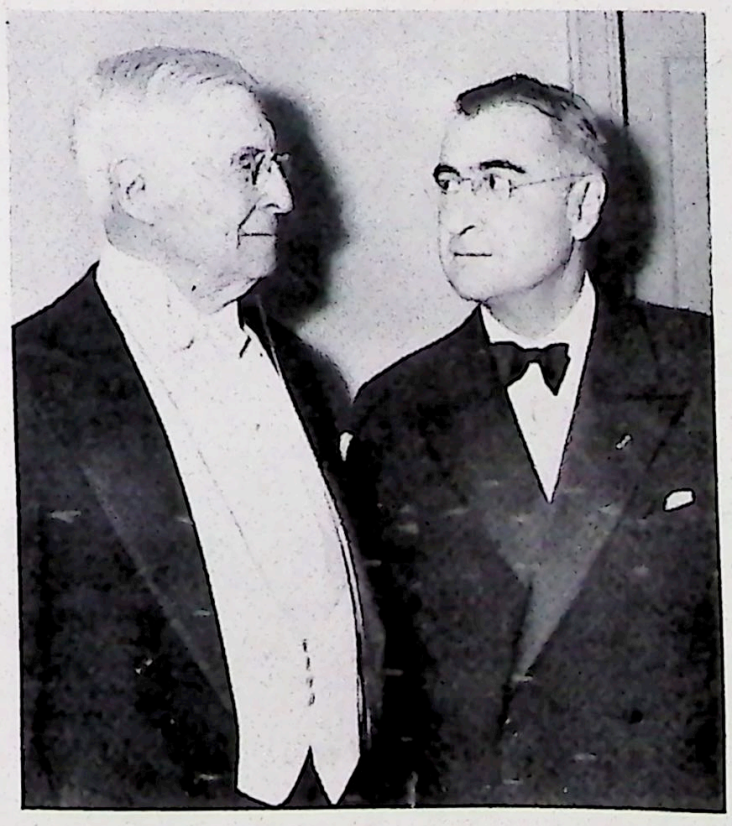
There is a famine throughout the world today. It starves men's bodies. But there is a greater famine—the hunger of men's spirit. That starvation can be cured by the conquest of fear, and the substitution of hope, from which springs faith—faith in each other, faith that we want to work together toward salvation, and determination that those who threaten the peace and safety shall be punished.

★ ★ ★ ★

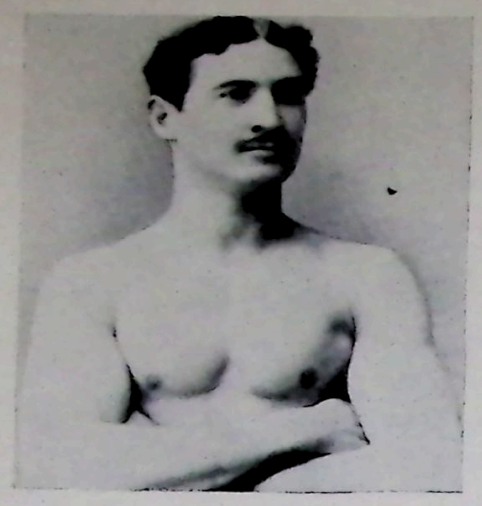
Peace is never long preserved by weight of metal or by an armament race. Peace can be made tranquil and secure only by understanding and agreement fortified by sanctions. We must embrace international cooperation or international disintegration.



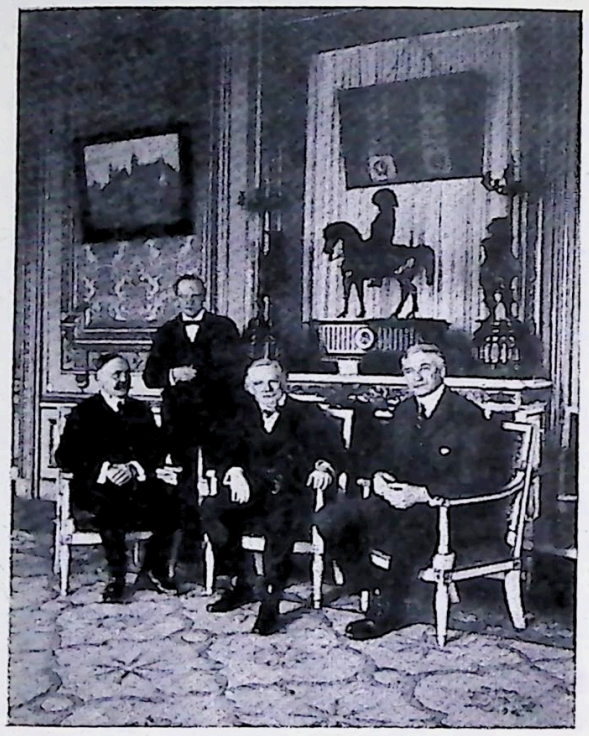
*Presidents Wilson, Harding, Hoover, Roosevelt, Truman and Eisenhower have asked Mr. Baruch's advice on matters ranging from agriculture to munitions, economics to reparations, national defense to peace treaties. His stature for observation and presaging domestic and world events has won him the title, "the conscience of the nation."*



*The widowed elder statesman is shown with his only son, Bernard M. Baruch, Jr. He has two daughters, Belle Wilcox and Renée B. Samstag.*



*A sports enthusiast at City College, New York, Baruch injured his ear and it prevented his admission to West Point. Instead, he went to Wall Street and began as a $3.00-a-week mail clerk. Described as voluble, courtly and persuasive, he became a leading financier and has contributed over $20,000,000 to charity. He has traveled extensively and is pictured with his wife and daughter, Renée, on their return from Europe in 1923.*



*In 1917 when the Allies were outbidding each other for munitions, Baruch was sent to France by President Wilson to confer with (l. to r.) Louis Loucheur, Winston Churchill and David Lloyd George.*

We are a good-natured people who can be pushed around, but only so much.

★ ★ ★ ★

Much as it may be decried, the cold fact remains that ours is an economy actuated by profits. A certain return on money is necessary to make our system work.

★ ★ ★ ★

We are here to make a choice between the quick and the dead. That is our business. Behind the black portent of the new atomic age lies a hope which, seized upon with faith, can work our salvation. If we fail, then we have damned every man to be the slave of Fear. Let us not deceive ourselves: We must elect World Peace or World Destruction.

★ ★ ★ ★

From the time man appeared from primordial obscurity to become the commanding figure among living things, his existence has depended upon his ability to accommodate natural laws—to prevail against animals and insects, starvation and disease, war and weather—and above all—his own incredible folly. The lesson that shrieks for recognition throughout all history is that, in solving this problem of existence, we do not oppose these laws. We apply them. We do not make them our enemies, but our allies.

The Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount are still our best guides. And remember that this government is the best in the world. Improve it, but guard it well, and don't lean too heavily on it.

★ ★ ★ ★

When God and the community have been so good to a man, isn't it natural that he should try to make repayment?

★ ★ ★ ★

Everyone has a right to his opinions. But no man has a right to circulate errors.

★ ★ ★ ★

I am a speculator. The word comes from the Latin *speculari*, which means "to observe." I observe.

★ ★ ★ ★

May I give you, as a bit of advice, three rules which you can apply to any problem that may arise.

Rule one: *Get the facts.* Approach each new problem not with a view of finding what you hope will be there, but to get the truth, the realities that must be grappled with. You may not like what you find. In that case you are entitled to try to change it. But do not deceive yourself as to what you do find to be the facts of the situation.

Rule two: *Get to know yourself.* Only as you do know yourself can your brain serve you as a sharp and efficient tool. Know your own failings, passions, and prejudices so you can separate them from what you see. Know also when you actually have thought through to the nature of the thing with which you are dealing and when you are not thinking at all.

Rule three: *Try to have the wit—but if not, having the discipline —to match up the first two rules.* Knowing yourself and knowing the facts, you can judge whether you can change the situation so iit is more to your liking. If you cannot—or if you do not know how tto improve on things—then discipline yourself to the adjustments tthat will be necessary.

★ ★ ★ ★

In all our history we have never stopped trying to improve ourrselves. We have only to continue in that quest to remain a free and self-respecting people, a sanctuary of strength to the weak and a rmodel of hope for all.

*The recipient of many honors, Mr. Baruch is shown accepting the Woodrow Wilson Foundation award from Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy during the Wilson administration, on the organization's twenty-fifth anniversary.*

# Why we Marry

*by Dr. Allan Fromme*

Innocent as he is of what lies ahead, the newborn child will, in all probability, be married before he has lived half his life. The task before us is to learn how to make that marriage a happy one. We have every reason to approach this task with confidence so long as we know what to do about it.

First, we must honestly come to see what the demands of married life are. Secondly, in the light of this knowledge, we must try to understand ourselves honestly enough to improve our ability to meet these demands. The willingness to understand our marriage is necessary for its success because marriage in itself offers no guarantee for happiness.

The increase in the divorce rate bears solemn testimony to this. It may be added that however high this rate has become, it still offers only a fractionally tiny indication of the extent of marital maladjustment. A huge number of people stick it out for one reason or another despite their recognition of the absence of real marital success.

Why, when the stakes are so high, do people continue to get married as rapidly as ever? If we were to catch people in advance and ask why they are getting married, their answers would frequently refer to the strong feelings of love they have for their prospective partner. This may explain why they are going to marry the particular person selected, but not why they are going to marry.

Our question thus remains unanswered by any protestation of love, however eloquent and touching it may be. After all, many of us were in love with other people before we got married. It may be added, less romantically but with equal truth, many people marry despite the absence of love.

Why, then, do we marry? What are the forces which predispose us toward the acceptance of marriage as a way of life?

The first experiences we have with people are not with society in general but rather with that highly special unit of society known as the family. That primary group of individuals which is itself a product of marriage represents the cradle of our own social growth and development. Family life is the only life we know at first. We take it for granted.

We may not be aware of the label for this mode of existence, but we become favorably disposed toward it long before we learn of alternatives. By the time we come to think about it, the family already seems right and proper and natural. We want to be like mommy and daddy. And, in our innocent anticipation of adulthood, we begin to indicate our intention to maintain the social relationship we know best: the family.

But what about adolescence? Isn't that a period traditionally marked by revolt from parental authority? To be sure, it is not uncommon for the teen-ager to find his parents old-fashioned, somewhat without understanding, and consequently annoyingly repressive in their relations with him. To some degree, his feelings of resentment may even be justified. Growth during our early years is an enormously rapid process, and parents frequently cannot keep pace with it.

As a result of all this, we become more conscious of ourselves during the period of adolescence. We tend to take criticism a little less favorably at this time. Our relations with our parents suffer somewhat because of this. Before long, we develop strong allegiances, however short-lived they may be, outside the family. We find others of our own age in much the same boat, and it is through our relations with them that we soon reshuffle our values and develop new points of view.

In many instances, these new relationships bring to the fore something that remained latent for many years; namely, the factor of sex. Few if any people take this completely in their stride.

The mystery and importance of this new element almost always brings about some stumbling, hesitation, and trial and error among adolescents. However, as these sexual adjustments are approximated, we become still more emotionally independent of our parents. We begin to see ourselves capable of parenthood. It is not long before we are convinced of our new role in life.

Most of the reasons we give for why we marry come as afterthoughts. No one ever says he was conditioned by his own early family life, as well as by the pressures of custom later on, to make a family of his own. Instead we believe that we discover in advance of marriage all of its advantages and can then name them as our reasons for marriage.

What we fail to realize is that this discovery was not the result of our own thinking about the matter, but rather the end-product of the social process of indoctrination. Women, even more than men, are taught to feel these social pressures keenly.

Despite their alleged emancipation, the great majority of married women are primarily homemakers. Even though more and more women today pursue careers outside of the home, they continue to receive only a tiny portion of the encouragement and opportunity men enjoy along these lines. As a result, women will more frequently than not accept an economic position subordinate to men.

Almost any young woman prefers a husband to a lover for the reason that economic security is a far better setting for love than is lack of security. The husband can offer both these elements—love and security; the lover only one. Because of the economic structure of our society and the more favorable position accorded men in it, women are propelled toward marriage not only by the pressures of custom alone but also by the need for economic security.

Now although women are, in the main, economically dependent upon men in our society, it does not follow that an unmarried woman is necessarily financially insecure. Certainly enough opportunities exist—not to mention birthright in many instances—for any number of women to have entrenched themselves in material security.

Notwithstanding, the custom of marriage continues to exert many small pressures, the sum total of which tends to undermine the emotional security of the unmarried woman. After all, the initiative involved in proposing marriage is still a male prerogative.

A woman's self-respect is intimately tied up with such notions, and so long as she remains unmarried, she faces the possibility that people will think that no one has asked her. In other words, quite aside from her attitudes toward marriage itself, she cannot help recognizing its symbolic value.

There is also an actual increase in the prestige of the woman who marries, and this must not be neglected as one of its attractions. For one thing, she gets a home of her own. Instead of being responsible to her parents, she fixes and runs her household according to her own taste. She becomes a factor in the community.

Marriage also offers the woman a somewhat more subtle emotional gain which adds to her status and feelings of independence. Thus by virtue of her marriage the woman has potentially greater freedom to control her own behavior as well as her husband's. This represents so enormous a step towards maturity that it tends to catch many young women emotionally unready, even though they regard it as something they desire.

This rather obvious fact has an especially marked effect on women. Whereas a man remains marriageable for many years, the woman's chances for marriage begin to shrink very noticeably if she fails to take advantage of her early 20's. A young man, on the contrary, is frequently discouraged against marriage in his early 20's. He is told to wait until he first amounts to something.

Seldom is a young woman advised in this manner. Instead, it is not uncommon to make light of her doubts and prod her into marriage by prophecies of the pessimistic consequences of further

*(continued on page 77)*

# DIGGING UP HISTORY

*by Sir Leonard Woolley*

*Archeology stirs the imagination whether the findings are from Tutankhamen's tomb or the Palace of Minos in Crete. Sir Leonard Woolley's find of a 3500-year-old site in Ur, where people had been thought to live in tents, revealed rich culture both in the laborers' village and in the magnificent 1500-year-old royal tombs. This scientific excavation disclosed even the thoughts and habits motivating these societies.*

By process of observation and deduction we were able to work out the original appearance of a private house at Ur in the time of Abraham.

I think everyone feels the genuine interest of the result, because it supplies a new and unexpected background to a familiar figure, and challenges us to recast our judgment of him. It is a very obvious case, because we had been accustomed to think of Abraham as a simple dweller in tents, and find him a possible occupant of a sophisticated brick house in a city. But there was more to it than that.

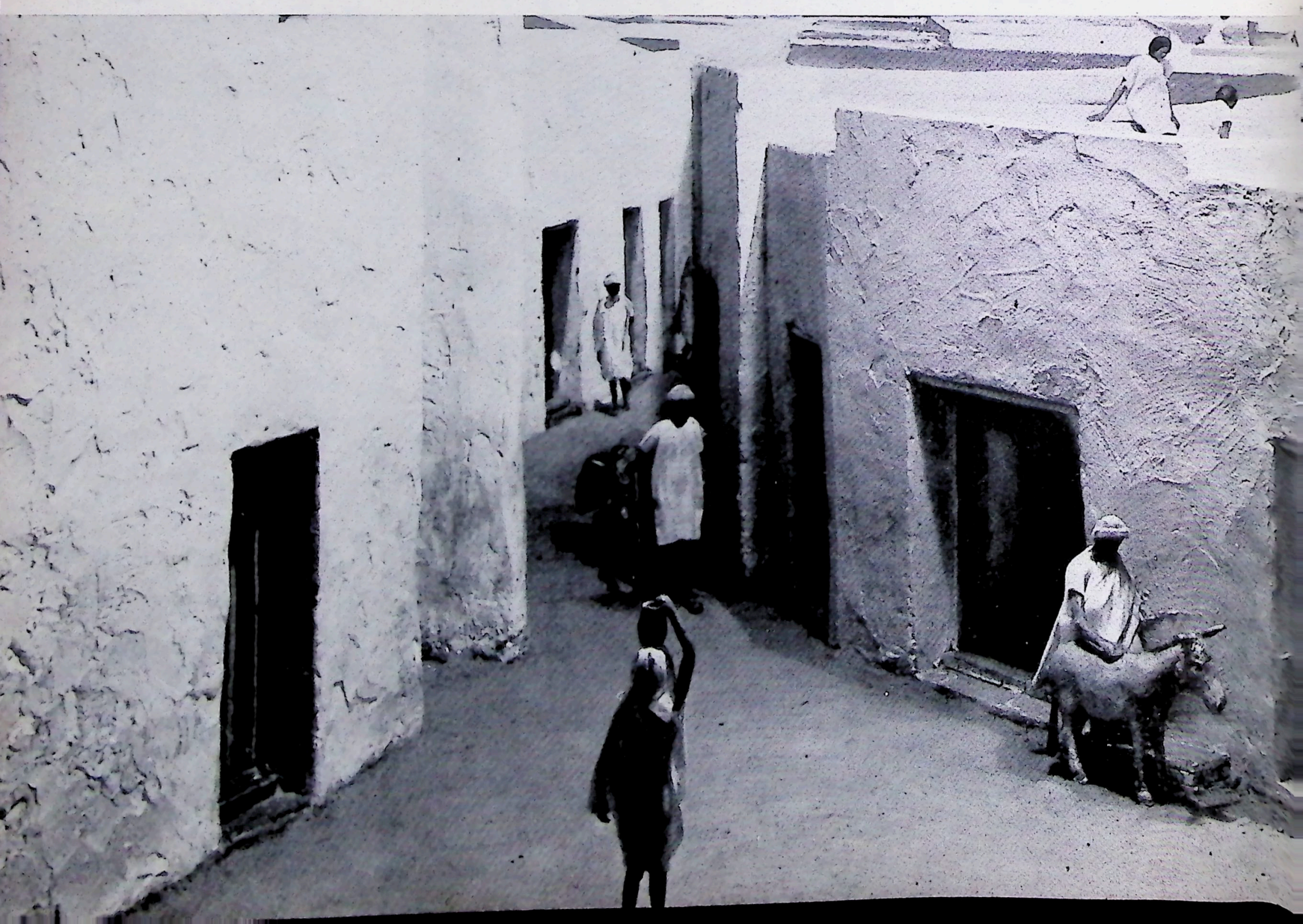
A building style is neither an accident nor an arbitrary thing, but a natural growth answering to the conditions of life. An ancient building therefore is important, not merely as illustrating the history of architecture but as a setting for the lives of men and women, and as one of their chief forms of self-expression. If we do not know in what surroundings people moved and had their being we shall understand very little of their attitude toward life.

We can feel sure that the occupant of one of the Ur houses did inherit the spirit which had informed and grown out of centuries of splendid achievement in civilization and art, but we deduce that not from the mere existence of arched doorways and galleried courtyards but from the fact that such come in unbroken descent from the royal tombs of 1500 years before.

By the time we had excavated a number of the private houses of Abraham's date it was clear that though no two were the same, yet there was a common idea underlying all of them. All were modifications of one general plan, and, therefore, each helped to explain the others.

We could compare them and so identify the individual rooms in each. This was the kitchen, this the reception-room, this the lavatory, and so on.

In a certain number of houses (not all) there was one room which



always presented the same features—a burial vault beneath the floor, a raised pavement at the end furthest from the door, and on it a brick erection which might have been an altar or a bench, a niche in the back wall, a square brick pillar.

When we could show that this was a private chapel and that the ordinary householder of the time had a special room in his house set apart for domestic worship, we had really learned something about him which literature did not tell us and we should never have guessed.

Sometimes the picture of past life that a building gives is extraordinarily vivid. At el-Amarna we dug out a model village put up for the laborers who excavated the rock-cut tombs made in the desert hills for the aristocracy of the capital. It had been built all on one plan, and had been deserted when the court of Egypt moved back again to Thebes, and no more tomb-making was required.

A square walled enclosure was entirely filled with rows of small houses divided by narrow streets, except for the foreman's quarters near the gate they were all monotonously alike—each with its kitchen-parlor in front, its bedrooms and cupboard behind, the very pattern of mechanically devised industrial dwellings.

That alone was an interesting sidelight on the social conditions of the fourteenth century before Christ in Egypt, and supplemented well the information that the site of the capital itself gave us as to the palaces of the government officials and the houses of the middle class. But it was the details which made the thing live.

Against one front door was a manger built up of mud and stone. In the side of it was contrived a square hole, across which was fixed a stick, and tied round this and trailing across the street was still the palm-fibre rope with which the donkey had been made fast more than 3000 years before.

Inside the houses rough paintings on the mud walls hinted at the efforts of the individual workman to improve his surroundings or to express his piety. The charms and amulets picked up on the floor showed which of all the many gods of Egypt were most in favor with working men; scattered tools and implements told of the work of each, or of his pursuits in leisure hours.

One house seemed to betray in really comic fashion the character of its owner. Whereas all its neighbors in the row opened on the street running to the east, this was the reverse way round and opened on a back lane whose boundary was otherwise a blank wall.

So striking an exception made us look more closely at the structure, and we found that the house as first built had been like all the rest, giving on the eastern street, but at some time or other it had been remodeled. The front parlor had been divided up into bedrooms, the old bedrooms thrown into a single room, and through its back wall a new front doorway cut.

One could picture the owner who had quarreled with his neighbors and hated the very sight of them, yet could not leave his house without running into one or another. Being little better than a serf tied to his work, he could not move elsewhere to avoid their company.

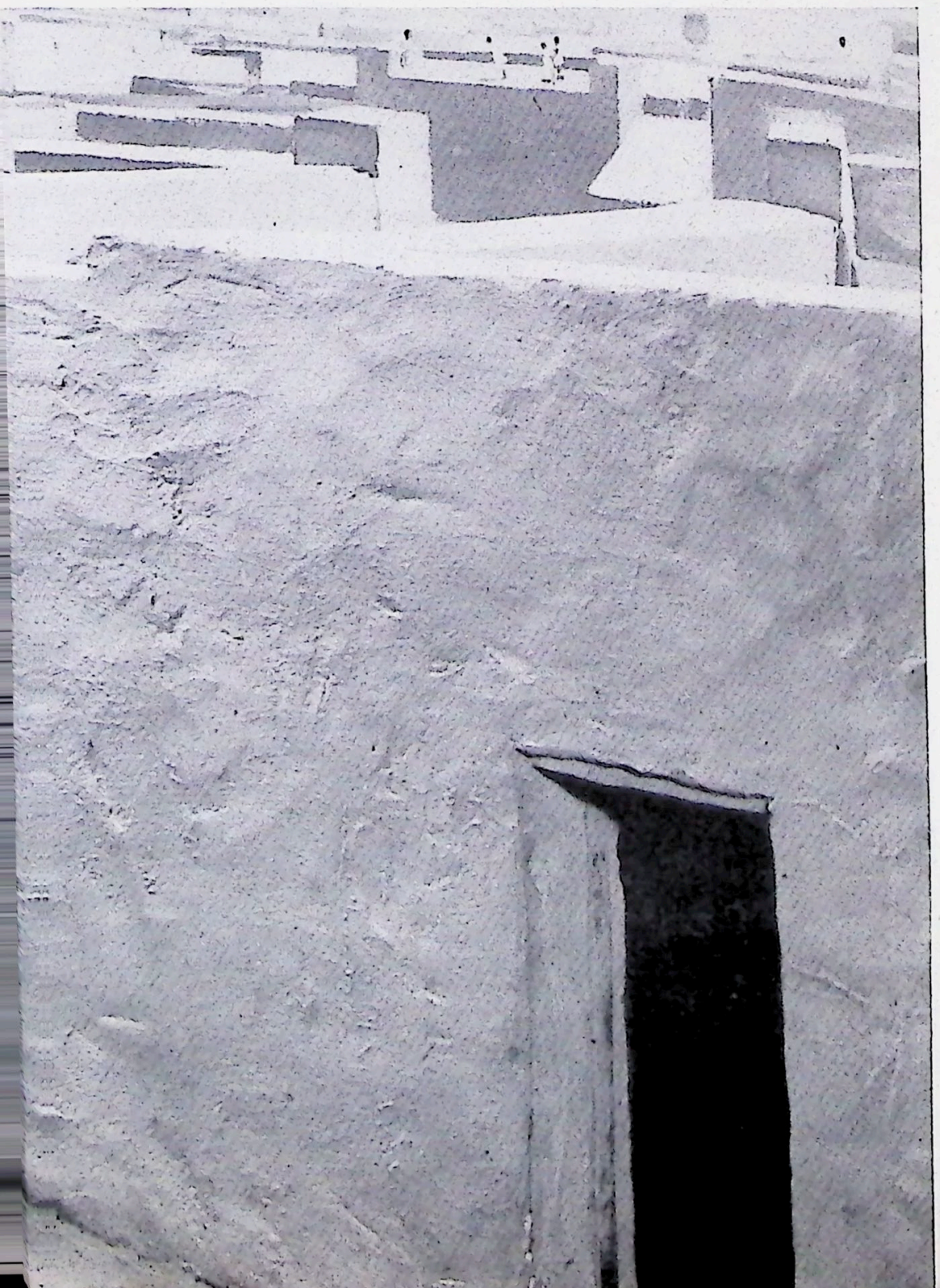
At last, in desperation, he changed not the position but the direction of his home, walled up the front door and made a new one at the back, and one can imagine the relief with which he made his escape into the empty lane, where there was no risk of meeting his enemies.

It might be objected that this is a chronicle of very small things, and so it is. Of course it does not matter one bit whether a few workmen lived on bad terms with their close neighbors 33 centuries ago. But that is not the point. The point is that ruins may preserve the record even of such trifles as this, supposing that one can read the evidence.

If the archeologist is duly careful in observing and recording his observations he may be rewarded with facts of history far more important. It is his business to find out not only what was the building he digs up and what it looked like before it was buried, but through what vicissitudes it passed, for these may reflect the fortunes of a family or even of a nation.

Suppose that a thousand years from now the history of England was forgotten, London a buried ruin, and some lucky excavator chanced on the site of Westminster Abbey. With what remained of its structure and its monuments he could rewrite whole chapters of the past and recall half of the great names and great events of English history.

The archeologist cannot hope for such good fortune as that, but from the ruins of quite an ordinary building he may learn a great deal, the interest of which extends beyond the mere fabric which he has discovered. He can link up the dumb witness of bricks and mortar and the odds and ends with the life of the people. ♦



*This miniature of the village of Tel el-Amarna contrasts the splendid contemporary city of Abraham's home, Ur of the Chaldees. Built in the nearby desert for the laborers who cut stone for the tombs of the aristocracy, Tel el-Amarna was abandoned after only 20 to 50 years. Not having been inhabited since Abraham's time, the line of the streets and ground plans could be traced with accuracy.*

# WHEN WITCHCRAFT

# REIGNED

*by William O. Douglas*

Witchcraft prosecutions flourished in England for 160 years. During that time a conservative estimate of the number who were hanged or burned is 600. The Witch Finder General – the most notorious investigator of them all – was Matthew Hopkins, a Puritan, who ruled supreme in 1645 and 1646.

An Act of Parliament imposed a death penalty on any person who "shall use, practice, or exercise any witchecrafte, enchantment, charme, or sorcerie, whereby any person shall happen to bee killed or destroyed." Hopkins and his cohort, John Stearne, formed a flying squadron that went from county to county on their investigations and hearings.

Usually two men and two women would be used as "searchers." Suspects were stripped and examined for marks of the devil. Then they were put cross-legged on a stool, or walked up and down – or otherwise kept awake without food for several days. Meanwhile the imps that witches commanded were watched for, and these might appear in the form of a spider or a fly that could not be killed.

Hungry days and sleepless nights were methods of torture that produced the confessions.

A man said in a quarrel that he wished his neighbor's tongue would rot. The neighbor died of cancer and the man was convicted. An 80-year-old pastor was trotted around a room for several nights until he confessed he had sunk a ship, drowning 14 sailors. A woman was convicted who "felt something come into the bed about her legges but could not finde anything."

Hopkins waxed strong, collecting fees from each community. He and Stearne probably were responsible for the hanging of 200 or more people in two years.

The hysteria of witchcraft came in wave after wave, usually following religious controversies. Two great figures thundered against it. Shortly before 1600, Reginald Scot published *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, which had little deterrent effect. Francis Hutchinson in 1718 published his *Historical Essay on Witchcraft*, which, by a devastating analysis of the trials, laid the ghost that had haunted England for so long.

On September 22, 1692, the last persons were hanged in this county for witchcraft. During the four months ending then, the number arrested exceeded 250 – while those hanged numbered 19. In addition, one was pressed to death for refusing to plead; two died in prison from ill-treatment.

The hunt started with fantasies of little girls which were given credence by excitable teen-agers. The "witches" tried were rich and poor, black and white. The court was composed of laymen. (One Nathaniel Saltonstall, to his eternal credit, resigned from it in disgust.) The theory of the trials was that the devil assumed the shape of a human and worked violence and injury on people.

The trial was before a jury. The judges were guilty of three cardinal errors. They accepted as evidence of guilt: an unusual excrescence on the body of the accused –"devil's mark"; any mischief (such as the death of a cow) which followed a quarrel between the accused and a neighbor; and last, the appearance of the accused in the dream or fantasy of the accuser to do harm and evil –"spectral evidence." Evidence of the emotional state of the accuser became proof of the behavior and guilt of the accused.

The search for witches, encouraged by the clergy, set neighbor against neighbor. Every quarrel became quickly related to the failure of bread to rise, to the falling of a brick, or to the sickness of a child. Suspicion reigned supreme.

People were tried in an atmosphere dominated by mob psychology. The trials read much like those before the People's Court in Red China in 1952, as related by Hutheesing in *The Great Peace.*

No conviction in the Salem witch trials of 1692 would stand the test of due process of law. They are eternal warnings that there is danger to liberty: whenever the accusation is itself sufficient to condemn a man, and when short cuts are taken, forsaking the procedural safeguards erected to guarantee that all trials will be fair. ♦

# The Motion Picture Producer

*by Leo Rosten*

DARRYL F. ZANUCK is a symbol of inspired creativity in Hollywood. His career as a motion picture producer has been extraordinary even in an industry which glorifies the spectacular. He is admired above all for his integrity, his vision, and his keen imagination. A many-time winner of Academy Awards, he has produced such pictures as *Les Miserables, Grapes of Wrath, Tobacco Road, How Green Is My Valley, Purple Heart, Winged Victory, Razor's Edge, Pinky, 12 O'Clock High, David and Bathsheba, Viva Zapata, No Way Out, Wilson, All About Eve, Snows of Kilimanjaro, Gentlemen's Agreement, The Egyptian, Man in the Gray Flannel Suit,* and *Island in the Sun.*

He was born in Wahoo, Nebraska, the son of a hotel keeper. At 15, because of his love of adventure and deep feeling of patriotism, he enlisted during Mexican War, giving his age as 18. Zanuck was decorated for his service during World War I and in the Second World War he was commissioned a colonel. He accompanied the Allied Command in the Invasion of Africa.

A true hero, he was never afraid of new ideas and was one of the first to realize the possibilities of talking pictures. At 20th Century-Fox where he is Vice President in Charge of Production, he has developed many great stars, writers, directors. Zanuck will tackle controversial subjects that other studios are afraid to undertake. When he made *Gentlemen's Agreement* many prominent producers thought it would fail—instead it became one of his major triumphs. Subjects like racial issues and the problem of insanity were treated by him in a fearless manner. Today he is not only one of the truly great producers of the motion picture industry but is ranked with the most progressive citizens of America.

Creating movies is an art; *making* movies is a business—a business involving great costs, elaborate equipment, and complex interrelationships among gifted and temperamental people. A business is run for profit, and in any business the criteria of efficiency, rather than of art, must prevail. This is especially irritating to the artists who become part of a business, for artists are primarily concerned with creation and not with the profit potential it represents.

Any business must use some yardstick for measuring efficiency. (Profits are an empirical test of efficiency.) That is why there will always have to be producers for motion pictures. They may be wiser, more competent, more sensitive than the producers working in Hollywood today. They may be writers or directors ascended to producer rank. They may perform a more sharply defined function. But they will be producers. For there will always be someone who will have to decide, someone to choose the artists and handle the personnel and operate the administrative mechanics of movie making. (There are producers for documentary movies which are not made for profit.)

There must, in short, be someone to conciliate the inevitable conflict between the artists and the businessmen, between the art and the business of movie making. For there *is* an inevitable conflict between art and business in enterprises which must use artists in order to make profit. The beautiful is not necessarily the popular, the profitable is generally not beautiful, and popular art is as much despised by artists as "intellectual art" is despised by businessmen.

A producer has it within his power to improve or ruin a picture at a hundred different points. Some producers guide a movie sanely and skillfully from the inception of the first bare idea to the final two-million-dollar commodity, and they stamp it with a single personality and purpose. The contribution of other producers lies chiefly in irritating the directors by their interference, stifling the writers by their demands, or destroying the freshness, consistency, or dramatic logic of a movie by arbitrary decisions from which there is no appeal.

The producer should possess the ability to recognize ability, the knack of assigning the right creative persons to the right creative spots. He should have a knowledge of audience tastes, a story sense, a businessman's approach to the costs and mechanics of picture making. He should be able to manage, placate, and drive a variety of gifted, impulsive, and egocentric people.

"The producer," says Jesse Lasky, "must be a prophet and a general, a diplomat and a peacemaker, a miser and a spendthrift. He must have vision tempered by hindsight, daring governed by caution, the patience of a saint and the iron of a Cromwell . . . His decisions must be sure, swift, and immediate, as well as subject to change, because conditions change continuously in the motion picture industry . . . The producer's resources must be such that no contingency can stop him from finding a star, soothing the director like a super-Talleyrand, or, in all-night conference in shirt sleeves and heavy cigar smoke, 'doctoring the script by his own creative power.'"

The late Sidney Howard remarked that there are only two kinds of movie producers: those who produce pictures which their directors and writers create for them, and those who try to be both director and writer, without competence as either. The first type of producer is respected by writers and directors. The second type of producer, the man who tries to out-write the writers and out-direct the directors, Howard compared to the Australian kiwi, which has wings but cannot fly. It is this species of producer against which most of the directors and writers in Hollywood rebel—the producers who emasculate stories, or stifle creative talents.

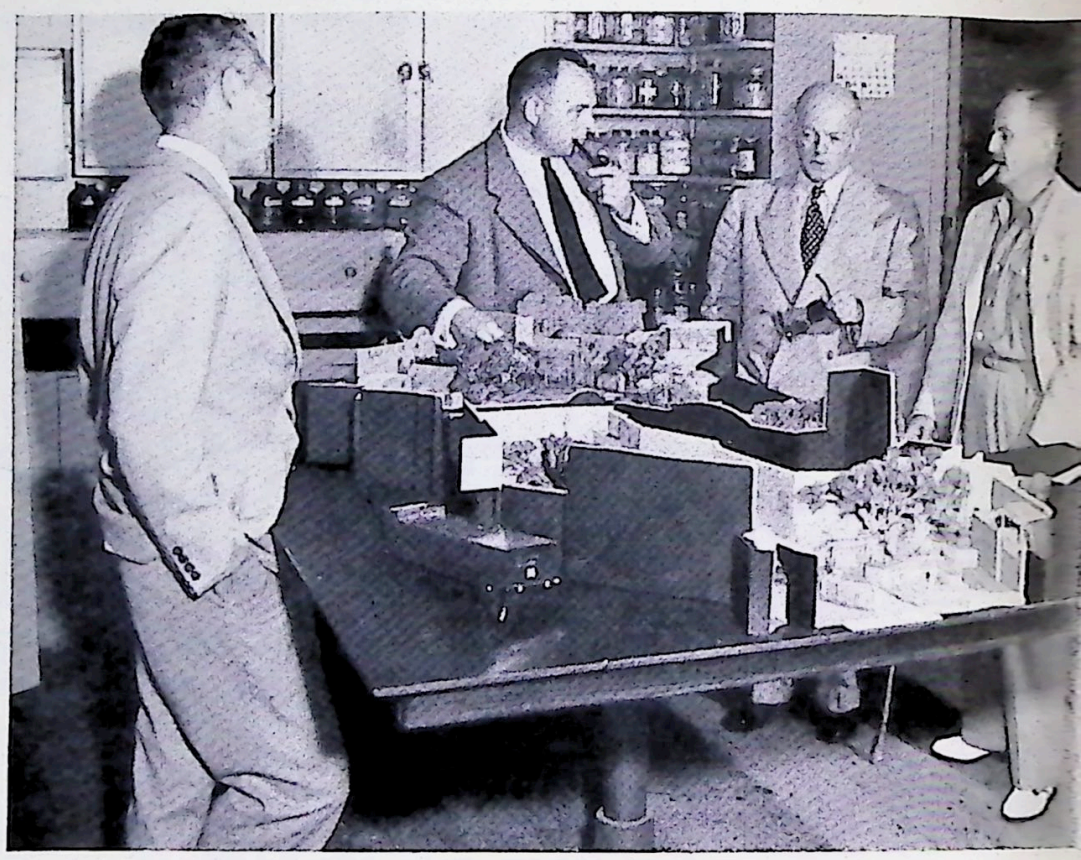
In the words of the movie directors, there are producers "who have given prodigiously to the industry." A David O. Selznick deserves high praise for a long and distinguished cavalcade of films:

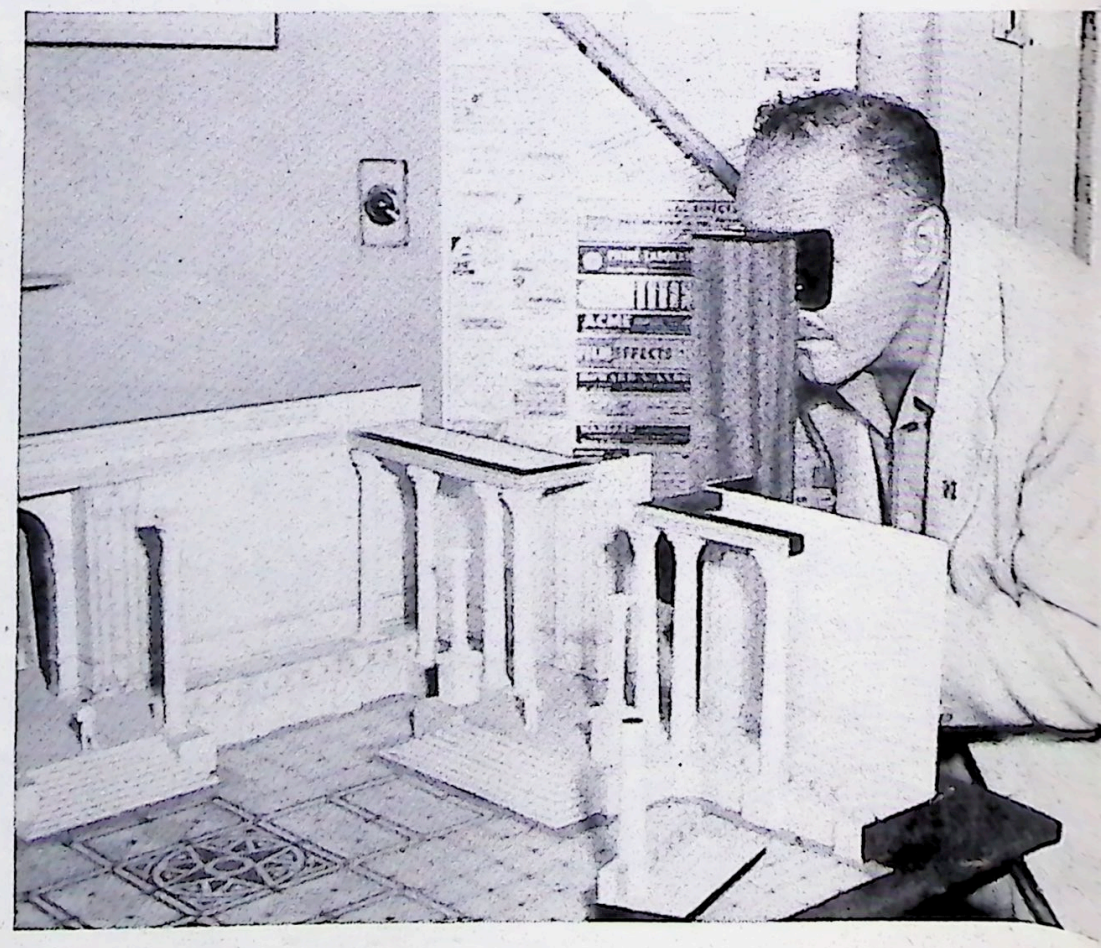
*After Producer Darryl Zanuck has decided on a script, he calls a conference with the art and production directors to outline the character of the movie sets and budget allotments. These specifications are given over to the architectural draftsmen for follow-through. Skeleton blueprints of the stage sets are drawn and turned over to set illustrators who lay out the planes and elevations for accurate perspective.*

*Mr. Zanuck's ideas begin to crystallize when these drawings are sent to the art department which does water-color "renderings" of the sets (including all furnishings), with the assistance of an adviser on color clarity. From these water-color drawings, miniature set models are built.*

*Another major planning conference is held by Mr. Zanuck, this time also with the cameraman and head electrician to predetermine the lighting engineering for dramatic intensity. They attach to each set model a special periscope which gives the view range of CinemaScope—revolutionary wide-screen development introduced by Twentieth Century-Fox.*

*Using this device, Mr. Zanuck and his aides work out the camera angles and order necessary changes to the miniature. When approved, the model and water-color drawings go to the construction department where all component parts are built and put on stages. The painting of the backings is done by the scenic department, which also dresses the sets with interior and exterior furnishings. As soon as the stage set is complete, the cameras are ready "to roll."*





*Rebecca, Gone With The Wind, A Star Is Born, Bill Of Divorcement, David Copperfield.* It was Mr. Selznick who selected the story, the screen-writers, and the directors for these films, and he brought good taste, story sense, and a unifying harmony to their production. It was Mr. Selznick who took three years to make *Gone With The Wind* and spent almost $4,000,000 on it; the picture will probably exceed $25,000,000 in gross box-office receipts.

A Samuel Goldwyn, much lampooned as the inheritor of Mrs. Malaprop's mantle, deserves high commendation for *The Best Years of Our Lives, Wuthering Heights, The Little Foxes, These Three, Dead End, Dodsworth.* These were fine stories done with admirable judgment and faultless "mounting," and they reflected the uncompromising search of the producer for pictures that would not betray their subject matter.

A brief historical resume of the producers in motion pictures will explain their power and skills. The producers who emerged from the infancy of the film industry were hard-driving, competent, and versatile. They had to be. The first producers—men like Zukor, Lasky, Fox, Lubin, Selig—took an active part in every department of movie making. They raised money, borrowed cameras, and rented studio space. They thought up plots and wrote subtitles; they created characters; they invented gadgets; they painted sets and set up lights. They sometimes developed their own film and generally edited their reels. They ran the entire threadbare business of making mutilated images which moved jerkily on imperfect film, and they sold their product to penny arcades and nickelodeon parlors.

These men were artisans as well as businessmen, craftsmen as well as promoters. They had to be. They combined the talents of bankers and barkers. They possessed immense drive, resourcefulness, and an almost maniacal capacity for work.

The original movie producers personally assumed the financial risk entailed in manufacturing movies, and they took a continuing part in every aspect of the production and the merchandising of films. With each step in the expansion of the movie business—as a business, a technique, a craft, an institution—the all-inclusive role of the producer was delimited. Financing became a problem distinct from administration; the production of a movie became quite a different thing from the operation of a big business.

As the motion picture industry grew, as the market for movies expanded, as the making of pictures became a process requiring an increased division of labor, specialists began to replace prima donnas in every department of movie making—except production. The producers were free to remain prima donnas; who could say nay?

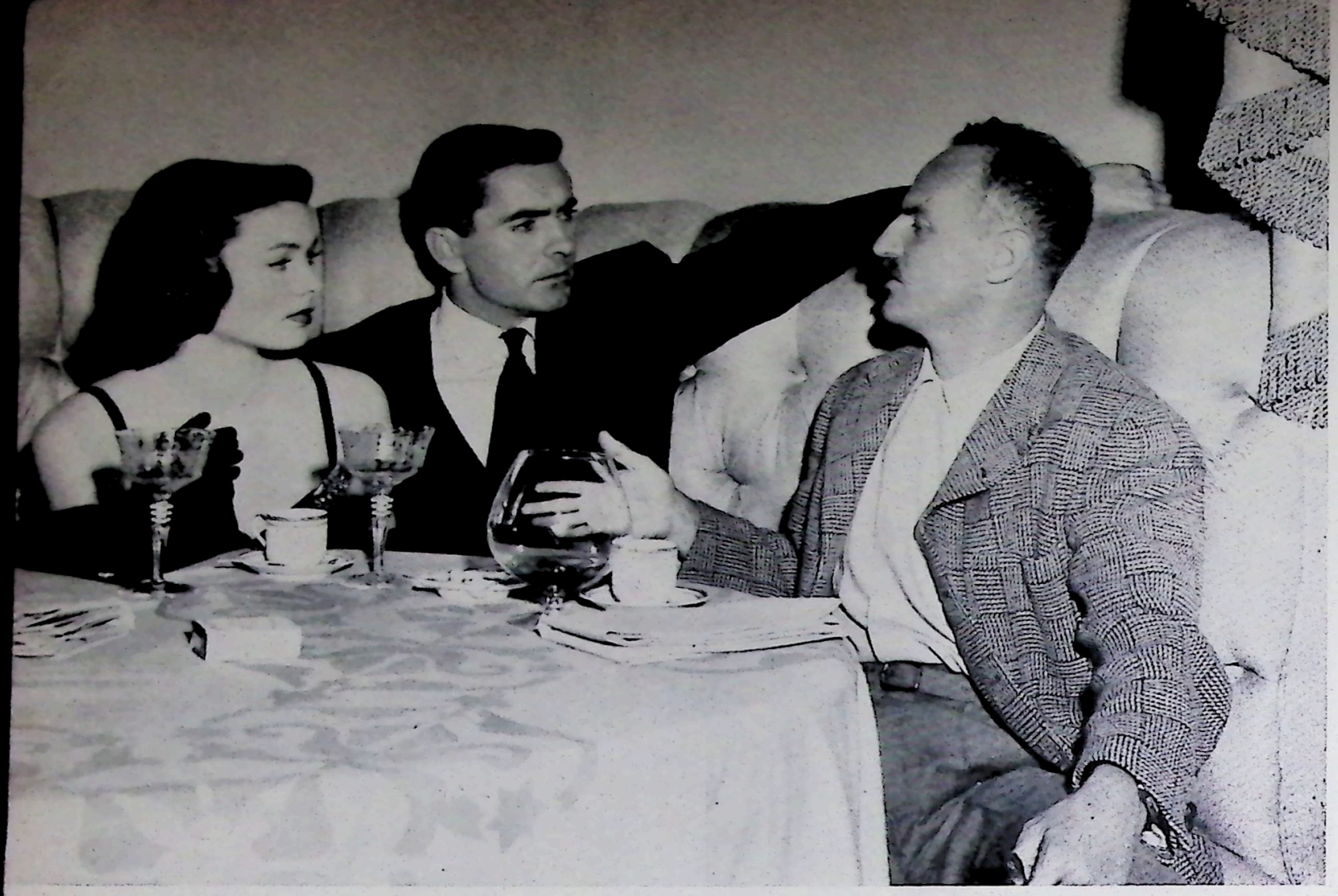
The quality of movies changed; the taste for movies improved. And the producers whose esthetic judgment had been adequate for the penny-dreadful narratives which once dominated the screen found themselves expressing penny-dreadful judgments on Pulitzer Prize novels and plays. It was no wonder that the directors and writers who moved into Hollywood came to chafe under the decrees of their superiors.

The producer is an employer—in fact or in symbol. He is identified with the company and the company's point of view. His job is to make pictures which bring in net earnings. The paradox lies in the fact that it used to be the producers in Hollywood who were the worst offenders against efficiency and moderation. They were often the very people who increased costs by foolish decisions, who negated economies by extravagant impulses, who "over-produced" a film which did not justify the costs poured into it.

Power, in motion pictures as in politics, intoxicates those who possess it. The producer, like the dictator, often falls victim to the delusion that authority mysteriously endows its possessor with a range of competence which reaches from dramaturgy to economics. The producers of Hollywood have been indulged in the expression of

*Zanuck brings together the most outstanding talents for his productions (l. to r.: playwright Moss Hart, Gregory Peck and director Elia Kazan).*

*The Irving Thalberg Award, being presented by Mrs. Thalberg (actress Norma Shearer), is the highest honor the Industry can give to a producer.*



*Zanuck selects actors and actresses for the character roles of his pictures with discernment for their ability to portray the roles as he interprets them. He is shown above with Gene Tierney and Tyrone Power prior to the filming of a scene; at the right, he is discussing a screenplay with Gregory Peck.*

their own taste, their own vanities, their own unrestrained—and often impractical—impulses. They are possessed by competitiveness, and they compete with each other in the elegance and scope of the films they make.

The producer, steeped in the Hollywood tradition, headstrong with authority, often makes decisions which are psychologically gratifying rather than economically wise. (This is less true in 1956 than it was 15 years ago.) Million-dollar movies are sometimes an expression of a producer's ego rather than his business judgment. For it is profoundly satisfying to produce movies on an immense and dazzling scale. Reputations in Hollywood are made by movies; not balance sheets.

Hollywood is temperamentally incapable of caution; the stakes go to the venturesome; the premium is on daring and novelty. Showmanship is itself a synonym for grandiosity. Besides, movie making is not a systematized process in which ordered routine can prevail, or in which costs can be absolute and controlled. Too many things can and do go awry, every day, every hour, during the manufacture of a movie. Movies are made by ideas and egos, not from blueprints and not with machines. Every story offers fresh and exasperating problems; every actor, director, writer carries within him curious preferences and needs; and the omnipresent hand of a mutable public throws sudden switches to confuse the traffic of ideas. The movie business moves with relentless speed; change is of the essence, and Hollywood must respond to change with short-spanned flexibility.

In Hollywood, the vagaries of show business are repeated, embellished, and cherished by the men who make movies—until they are convinced (or convince themselves) that nothing in pictures is normal, nothing predictable, that all is a succession of intuitive stabs into an unknown, tantalizing future.

As a group, the producers possess more power than any other group in the movie colony, and they exercise it more arbitrarily. Their abilities are often praised too highly by their friends and dismissed too easily by their enemies. They are the first to criticize their colleagues, and the first to resent that criticism from an outsider. And they are the most popular targets for Hollywood's hostility and ridicule. To preserve our balance of judgment, it is necessary to observe that in Hollywood, as in other sectors of our society, the most convenient target for all sorts of psychological hostilities is "the boss." ♦

FRANKLIN PIERCE ADAMS: Accustomed as I am to public speaking, I know the futility of it.

* *

HENRY ADAMS: It is impossible to underrate human intelligence—beginning with one's own.

* *

GEORGE ADE: Early to bed and early to rise, and you'll meet very few of our best people.

* *

ALEXANDER THE GREAT: I am dying with the help of too many physicians.

* *

FRED ALLEN: Man has made his bedlam; let him lie in it.

* *

ARISTOTLE: Homer has taught all other poets the art of telling lies skillfully.

* *

BALZAC: Believe everything you hear about the world; nothing is too impossibly bad.

* *

JAMES BARRIE: If you have charm, you don't need anything else; and if you don't have it, it doesn't matter what else you have.

* *

JOHN BARRYMORE: I am thinking about taking a fifth wife; why not? Solomon had a thousand wives and he is a synonym for wisdom.

* *

DE BEAUMARCHAIS: It is not necessary to understand things in order to argue about them.

* *

HENRY WARD BEECHER: There are many people who think that Sunday is a sponge to wipe out all the sins of the week.

* *

ROBERT BENCHLEY: It took me fifteen years to discover I had no talent for writing, but I couldn't give it up because by that time I was too famous.

* *

ARNOLD BENNETT: Make love to every woman you meet; if you get five per cent on your outlay, it's a good investment.

* *

JOSH BILLINGS: Do not put off till tomorrow what can be enjoyed today.

* *

LOUIS BRANDEIS: Behind every argument is someone's ignorance.

JOHN GALSWORTHY: The French cook; we open tin cans.

* *

PHILIP GIBBS: It's better to give than to lend, and it costs about the same.

* *

ANDRE GIDE: Art is a collaboration between God and the artist, and the less the artist does the better.

* *

GOETHE: If children grew up according to early indications, we should have nothing but geniuses.

* *

ISAAC GOLDBERG: I do not believe today everything I believed yesterday; I wonder will I believe tomorrow everything I believe today.

# Wit of Wisdom

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: A child's education should begin at least one hundred years before he is born.

* *

FRANCOIS FENELON: The more you say, the less people remember.

* *

EDNA FERBER: Being an old maid is like death by drowning—a really delightful sensation after you cease to struggle.

* *

ANATOLE FRANCE: History books which contain no lies are extremely dull.

* *

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN: God heals, and the doctor takes the fee.

* *

ROBERT FROST: By working faithfully eight hours a day, you may eventually get to be a boss and work twelve hours a day.

JEREMY BENTHAM: Lawyers are the only persons in whom ignorance of the law is not punished.

* *

AMBROSE BIERCE: Education—that which discloses to the wise and disguises from the foolish their lack of understanding.

* *

SAMUEL BUTLER: The money that men make lives after them.

* *

LORD BYRON: One of the pleasures of reading old letters is the knowledge that they need no answer.

* *

JAMES BRANCH CABELL: The optimist proclaims that we live in the best of all possible worlds, and the pessimist fears this is true.

* *

THOMAS CARLYLE: Make yourself an honest man and then you may be sure there is one rascal less in the world.

* *

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO: Wise men learn more from fools than fools from wise men.

* *

ANTON CHEKHOV: A man and a woman marry because both of them don't know what to do with themselves.

* *

CHARLES DICKENS: There are books of which the backs and covers are by far the best parts.

* *

BENJAMIN DISRAELI: Every man has a right to be conceited until he is successful.

* *

THOMAS ALVA EDISON: Everything comes to him who hustles while he waits.

* *

GEORGE ELIOT: Animals are such agreeable friends; they ask no questions, they pass no criticisms.

* *

WINSTON CHURCHILL: It saves a lot of trouble if, instead of having to earn money and save it, you can just go and borrow it.

* *

OLIVER GOLDSMITH: There is nothing absurd or ridiculous that has not at some time been said by some philosopher.

* *

JOHN ERSKINE: Most people have some sort of religion; at least they know which church they're staying away from.

# YOU MUST...

# RELAX

*by Edmund Jacobson, M. D.*

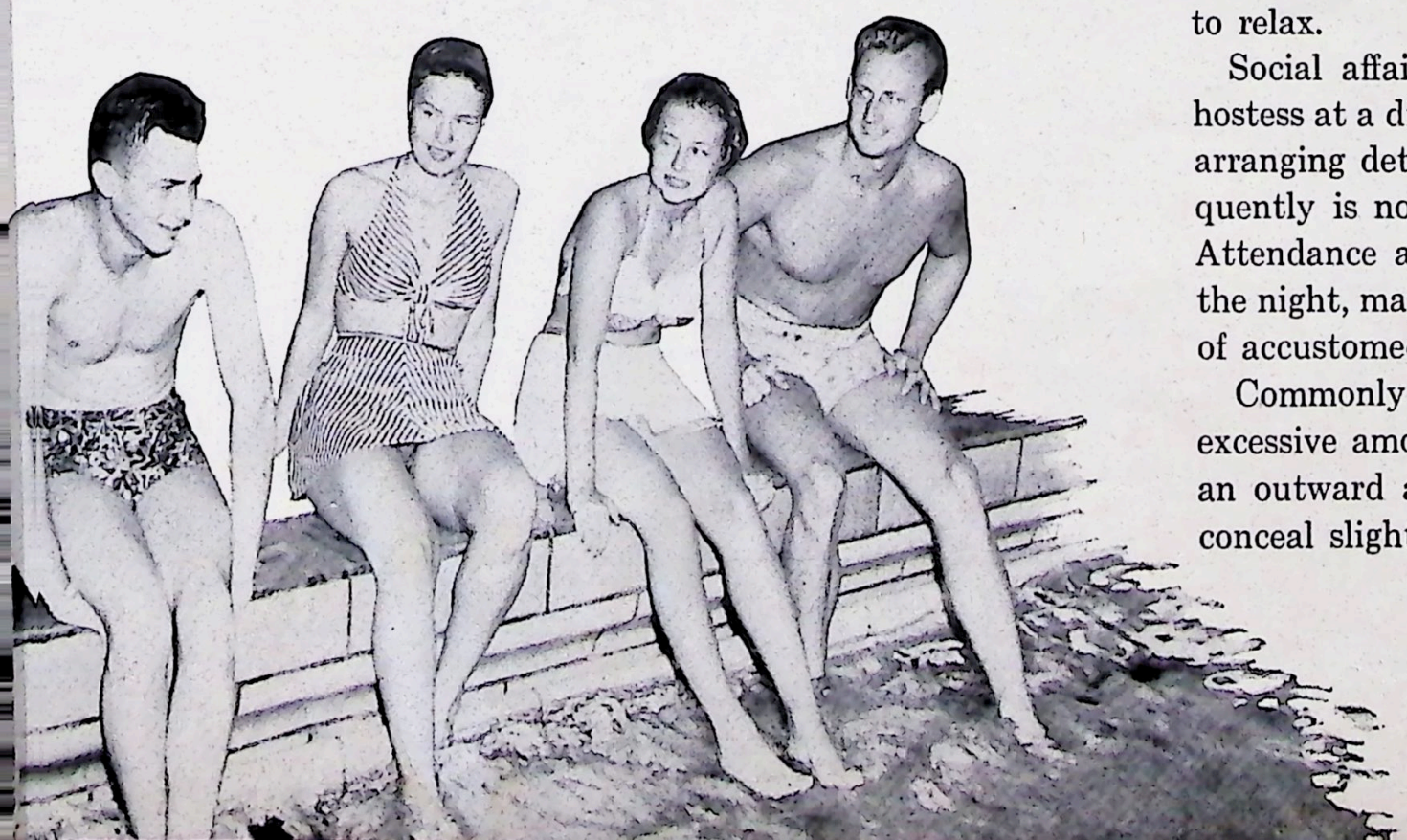
Living at high tension has for a long time been the order of the day. Opportunity and competition have developed not alone in business but also in the social, professional and educational worlds so that almost every individual in modern life is obliged to meet demands on his nervous energy that would not have been made many years ago.

These demands have been on the increase with changing conditions due to the world situation. The career of the average businessman is a familiar example of high tension living. As an executive, he engages during practically the entire day in a series of activities necessarily involving nerve tension. If successful, he is stimulated to attempts at greater and better achievement; if in difficulty, he is likely to spare no effort to reach security.

Fatigue sometimes remains unnoticed until he finds himself almost exhausted mentally. Unfortunately, when he leaves his place of business for the day his cares generally go with him. Tensions which have been present during the preceding hours are likely to continue in the background of his evening occupations. In many instances his recreations fail to bring adequate refreshment. He fails to relax.

Social affairs in modern life often prove no less wearing. The hostess at a dinner party or reception may spend many trying hours arranging details not apparent to the casual observer and she frequently is not at her ease until the entire event lies in the past. Attendance at dances and other functions, often carried far into the night, may produce more fatigue than an equal number of hours of accustomed work.

Commonly in patients whose social activities have required an excessive amount of time there has developed an apparent poise—an outward appearance of calm deliberately assumed in order to conceal slight but troublesome nervous tensions. In spite of much



so-called recreation, the individual fails to secure relaxation.

The busy doctor or lawyer is an even better example of the overactive life. The reception room, let us say, is full of patients or clients. Perhaps two or more are being handled at one time. So great is the pressure that there is scarcely opportunity to grasp in detail the various narratives of ills or difficulties. Assistants must be employed, their work supervised and their findings considered. At the same time the doctor or lawyer may tensely realize that he is needed elsewhere, at the bedside or operating room, at some special conference or at court.

Teachers at school and at college are frequently no more free from the pressure of modern life. In the grades and in high school they have the task of maintaining discipline in a restive young race. In the colleges those who bear the burdens of executive work frequently find an almost endless detail of matters for decision and action, while those who engage in research in addition to teaching may find their minds active each night for many hours after they have attempted to quit their labors.

No less subject to excess nervous tension are many employees in offices, factories and mercantile establishments. The stenographer who has to write many words per minute in order to get her work out, the salesman or woman standing practically the entire day to serve customers, the factory hand obliged to engage in countless operations to meet the demands of production, the telephone operator alert to make connections for hours at a time—these and many others afford frequent examples of high tension living.

This may be especially evident in particular occupations such as court reporting, typesetting and newspaper work in general. Even the farmer, striving to pay taxes and interest and frequently deprived of adequate help by the lure of city life sometimes feels the strain of too much activity.

Added to the stress of modern occupations are the financial urges from which few are free. Making enough money to satisfy ever-increasing desires has come to be an almost constant stimulus to nervous overactivity on the part of working men and women.

On the other hand, modern affairs have as a rule brought no letup to age-old sources of nervousness of various types: the rearing of children still takes its toll from the nerves of the watchful mother.

In the rush of the present day, man has in part forgotten how to live. Joy in sunlight, birds and flowers is left chiefly to the poet. Delight in line and curve is sought in the studio while interest in circumstance becomes the special task of the dramatist. This deficiency in modern living seems at least partly due to the fact that the appreciation of beauty as well as doing things beautifully demands a certain abandon. Lacking this, it would seem, many persons, defeated in the purposes of their special pursuits, become discontented.

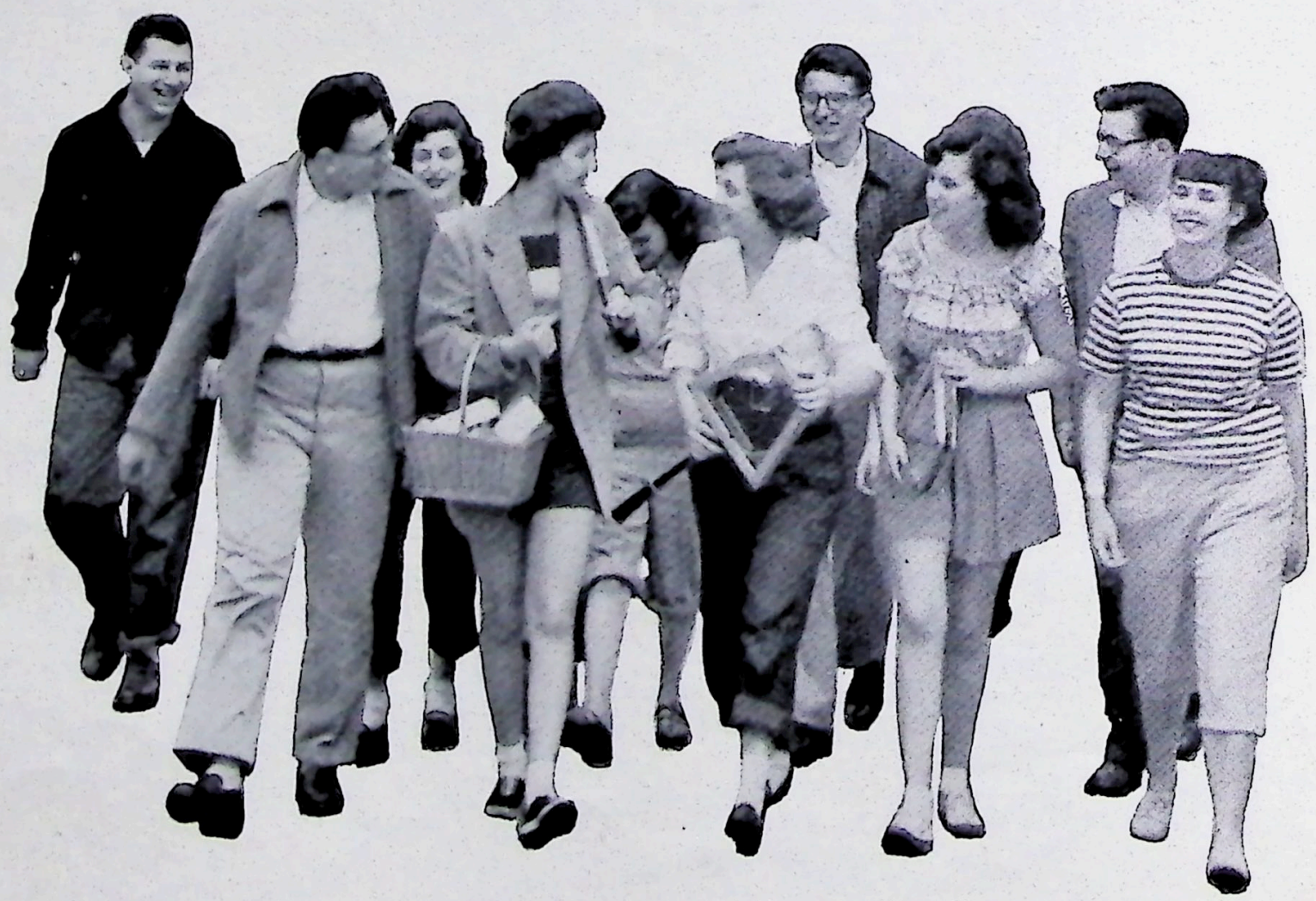
Few persons care what their expenditures are in nervous and mental energy. When healthy they are likely to take their daily pursuits with a seriousness and intentness that would be warranted only if they were immortal. Evidently, a saner grasp on reality occurs when it is recognized that energies commonly wasted might, with the same accomplishment, be saved.

During rush and other activities involving a considerable expenditure of energy, any individual, as can readily be observed, shows signs that he is markedly contracting muscles in various parts of his body. We say that he is tense. Among your friends you can no doubt recognize some who are tense too much of the time.

Every organ in the body is supplied with nerves which, when overactive, produce effects deviating from normal. Suppose we now accompany John Doe, who is habitually very tense, in a typical attempt to find a better adjustment to life.

Perhaps Mr. Doe visits a very good doctor, who is accustomed to look chiefly for clear-cut pictures of pathological changes in tissues. The doctor concludes that there is nothing seriously wrong and refers the matter to a neurologist. This specialist makes another examination and, as before, finds "no pathology." The nerves are all structurally intact. He tells Mr. Doe, "There is nothing the matter with you. Go home and forget it!"

Mr. Doe tries to follow the advice. He feels relieved because both



doctors have said that there is nothing seriously the matter . . . But the symptoms continue, or soon return, interfering with his work and happiness.

Mr. Doe goes from physician to physician, feeling that he has not been understood. If told that his suffering is only imaginary, he becomes greatly puzzled, because to him it seems very real. Perhaps he comes upon a physician who maintains that nervousness always is caused by some organic disease and who discovers something that has previously been overlooked, for example, infected tonsils.

Thereupon the tonsils are removed, and the patient awaits the clearing up of the many symptoms he has long endured. But this hope also may eventually be followed by disappointment. For it has never been proved that nervous irritability and excitement can result from infections in the absence of fever and distress.

New hope arises if he finds a physician who believes that the symptoms are due to glandular trouble. Perhaps a test is made of the air he expires and it is found that he consumes less oxygen than is normal for his age, sex and weight. In common parlance, his fires are burning a little low; in medical terms, his basal metabolic rate is below normal.

The conclusion is drawn that his thyroid gland is not " up to par"; to help matters along he takes some glandular substance from a sow or other stockyard animal each day . . . Thanks to this daily dose Mr. Doe feels new "pep" and less fatigue. He concludes that he is on the way to the answer.

In many instances, however, the wave of optimism soon subsides. Notwithstanding the "lift" due to the thyroid substance, his efficiency again suffers a letdown. Palpitation may set in, for the medication may stimulate a tired heart unduly. Both doctor and patient may find that when fatigue is present, whether recognized or not, stimulation of a wearied apparatus by thyroid preparations is only a make-believe route toward cure.

Probably you soon find Mr. Doe again going from doctor's office to doctor's office. Removal of his appendix and gall bladder likewise fails to effect lasting improvement, although for a time he feels somewhat better, following a long rest at the hospital.

The doctor looks at Mr. Doe's scalp and hair and finds them practically normal. The doctor looks into the nose and probably finds changes not considered important in the present connection. If infections appear in the teeth, Mr. Doe is referred to his dentist. The tongue may show a slightly grayish or yellowish coating.

While the patient swallows, the doctor's fingers glide over the neck; he finds that the thyroid gland is soft and of no unusual size and that there are no enlarged lymph glands. When Mr. Doe breathes deeply, his chest, let us assume, is seen to move freely in all its parts and maintains normal contour. The doctor now feels and taps the chest, outlining the heart and lungs. As he applies the stethoscope, he hears normal breath and heart sounds.

After his patient lies down, his hand finds the liver and the spleen in proper position. In highly nervous persons, portions of the large intestine frequently are tender upon pressure and sometimes may be felt as a somewhat firm mass or a number of masses.

Perhaps Mr. Doe has previously experienced a tenderness in the right lower portion of the abdomen, leading him to believe that he has chronic appendicitis. On this point the careful physician will not make a diagnosis until he has ascertained all the facts. Even if the appendix has been removed in recent years, there may be tenderness in the region mentioned.

The doctor looks over the skin of the entire body and probably finds nothing of note, except perhaps flushing. Using a rubber tipped hammer, he lightly strikes certain tendons, including one below the knee, inducing a marked kick. In many but not all nervous persons the kick is relatively violent, showing that the local nerve and muscle tissues are tense.

If Mr. Doe is nervously excited during the examination, this may cause a little fever, as indicated by the thermometer. And if he is considerably worried about his blood pressure, the doctor may find it increased.

Mr. Doe is again sent to the laboratory. Specimens are taken of his urine and blood . . . Once more, he breathes into a tube for half an hour repeating the test of basal metabolism . . . Routine X-rays are taken of his sinuses, teeth, heart and lungs. Let us assume that they prove negative.

After he has swallowed a glassful of buttermilk containing barium, the doctor looks at the digestive organs. Wherever the barium appears, the X-rays cannot pass through, and so organs containing barium become clearly outlined. The X-rays are likely to disclose that the muscle walls of his digestive tract are contracted irregularly in various places, a condition commonly called "spastic."

Concerning the results of the examination, the doctor reports: "I agree with the physicians who have previously told you that there is no serious impairment in the structure of your nervous system or in other organs. But I cannot agree that there is nothing wrong with you and that your sufferings and inefficiency are imaginary. My observations disclose that as a rule too many of your muscles are contracting, not alone when you are busy but even also when you try to rest.

"This means that your nerves are overactive. You evidently are wasting energies in various directions with no good effect, and to this I would attribute the fatigue you complain of as well as your failure to secure sufficiently restful sleep. Furthermore, the X-ray examination definitely discloses that your digestive organs are overtense. My advice is that *you must learn to relax*." ♦

# THE SIMPLE LIFE IN GREECE

*by Hendrik Willem van Loon*

How, you may ask, did the ancient Greeks have time to look after their families and their business if they were forever running to the market place to discuss affairs of state?

In all matters of government, the Greek democracy recognized only one class of citizens — the freemen. Every Greek city was composed of a small number of freeborn citizens, a large number of slaves and a sprinkling of foreigners.

At rare intervals, usually during a war when men were needed for the army, the Greeks showed themselves willing to confer the rights of citizenship upon the "barbarians," as they called the foreigners. But this was an exception. Citizenship was a matter of birth. You were an Athenian because your father and your grandfather had been Athenians before you. But however great your merits as a trader or a soldier, if you were born of non-Athenian parents, you remained a "foreigner" until the end of time.

The Greek city, therefore, whenever it was not ruled by a king or a tyrant, was run by and for the freemen, and this would not have been possible without a large army of slaves who outnumbered the free citizens at the rate of five or six to one and who performed those tasks to which we modern people must devote most of our time and energy if we wish to provide for our families and pay the rent of our apartments.

The slaves did all the cooking and baking and candlestick-making of the entire city. They were the tailors, carpenters, jewelers, schoolteachers and the bookkeepers. They tended the store and looked after the factory while the master went to the public meetings to discuss questions of war and peace or visited the theater to see the latest play of Aeschylus or hear a discussion of the revolutionary ideas of Euripides, who had dared to express certain doubts upon the omnipotence of the great god Zeus.

Indeed, ancient Athens resembled a modern club. All the freeborn citizens were hereditary members and all the slaves were hereditary servants, and waited upon the needs of their masters, and it was very pleasant to be a member of the organization.

But when we talk about slaves, we do not mean the sort of people about whom you have read in the pages of *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* It is true that the position of those slaves who tilled the fields was a very unpleasant one, but the average freeman who had come down in the world and who had been obliged to hire himself out as a farm hand led just as miserable a life. The Greeks accepted slavery as a necessary institution, without which no city could possibly become the home of a truly civilized people.

The slaves also took care of those tasks which nowadays are performed by the businessmen and the professional men. As for those household duties which take up so much time the Greeks, who understood the value of leisure, had reduced such duties to the smallest possible minimum by living amidst surroundings of extreme simplicity.

A Greek home consisted of four walls and a roof. There was a door which led into the street but there were no windows. The kitchen, the living rooms and the sleeping quarters were built around an open courtyard in which there was a small fountain or a statue and a few plants to make it look bright. Within this courtyard the family lived when it did not rain or when it was not too cold.

In one corner of the yard the cook (who was a slave) prepared the meal and in another corner, the teacher (who was also a slave) taught the children the alpha beta gamma and the tables of multiplication. In still another corner the lady of the house, who rarely left her domain (since it was not considered good form for a married woman to be seen on the streets too often), was repairing her husband's coat with her seamstresses (who were slaves). And in the little office, right off the door, the master was inspecting the accounts which the overseer of his farm (who was a slave) brought to him.

When dinner was ready the family came together but the meal was a very simple one and did not take much time.

The Greeks seem to have regarded eating as an unavoidable evil and not a pastime, which kills many dreary hours and eventually kills many dreary people. They lived on bread and on wine, with a little meat and some green vegetables. They drank water only when nothing else was available because they did not think it very healthy.

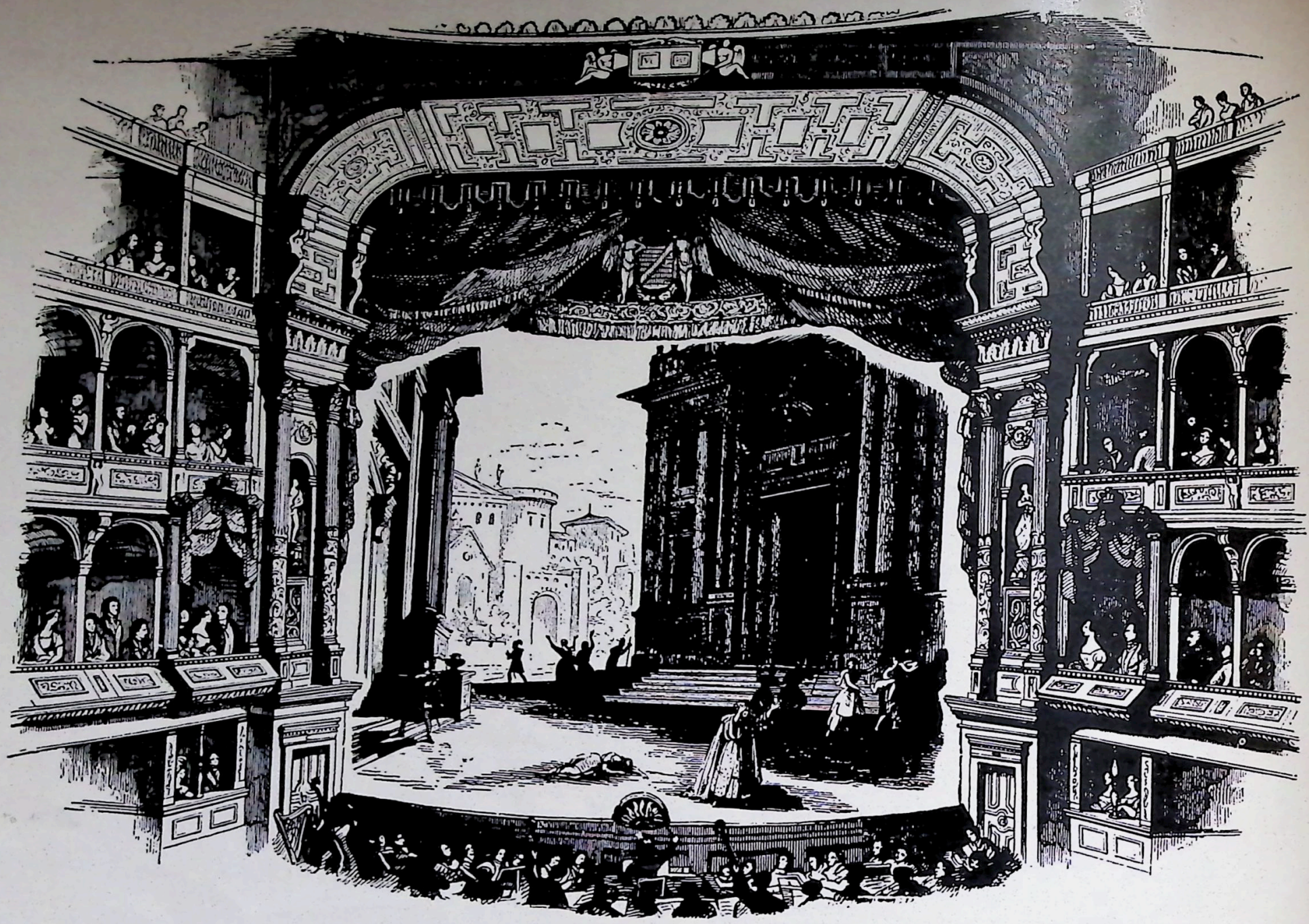
They loved to call on each other for dinner, but our idea of a festive meal, where everybody is supposed to eat much more than is good for him, would have disgusted them. They came together at the table for the purpose of a good talk and a good glass of wine and water. As they were moderate people they despised those who drank too much.

The same simplicity which prevailed in the dining room also dominated their choice of clothes. They liked to be clean and well-groomed, to have their hair and beards neatly cut, to feel their bodies strong with the exercise and the swimming of the gymnasium, but never followed the Asiatic fashion which prescribed loud colors and strange patterns. They wore a long white coat and managed to look as smart as a modern Italian officer in his long blue cape.

They loved to see their wives wear ornaments but they thought it very vulgar to display their wealth, or their wives, in public and whenever the women left their home they were as inconspicuous as possible.

In short, the story of Greek life is a story not only of moderation but also of simplicity. "Things," chairs and tables and books and houses and carriages, are apt to take up a great deal of their owner's time. In the end they invariably make him their slave and his hours are spent looking after their wants, keeping them polished and brushed and painted.

The Greeks, before everything else, wanted to be "free," both in mind and in body. That they might maintain their liberty, and be truly free in spirit, they reduced their daily needs to the lowest possible point. ♦



*Scene of Senta's Ballad from Richard Wagner's "The Flying Dutchman," sketched by Michael Echter*

# LITTLE GIANT OF MUSIC

*by Deems Taylor*

He was an undersized little man, with a head too big for his body—a sickly little man. His nerves were bad. He had skin trouble. It was agony for him to wear anything next to his skin coarser than silk. And he had delusions of grandeur.

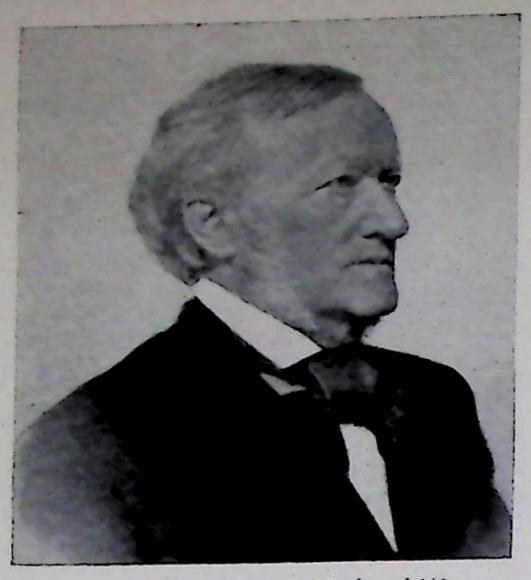
He was a monster of conceit. Never for one minute did he look at the world or at people except in relation to himself. He was not only the most important person in the world to himself, in his own eyes he was the only person who existed. He believed himself to be one of the greatest dramatists in the world, one of the greatest thinkers and one of the greatest composers.

To hear him talk, he was Shakespeare and Beethoven and Plato rolled into one. And you would have had no difficulty in hearing him talk. He was one of the most exhausting conversationalists that ever lived. An evening with him was an evening spent in listening to a monologue. Sometimes he was brilliant, sometimes he was maddeningly tiresome. But whether he was being brilliant or dull, he had one sole topic of conversation, himself—what *he* thought and what *he* did.

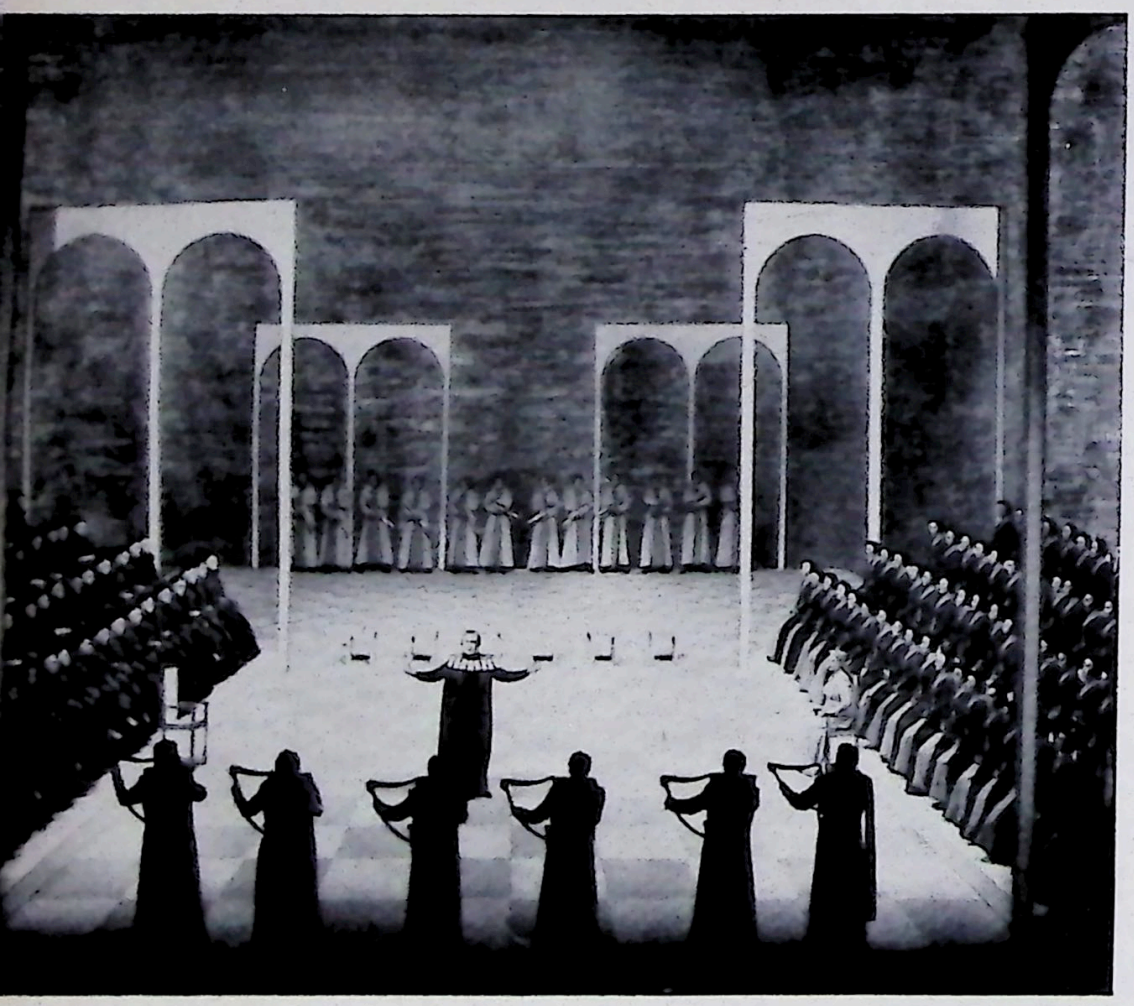
He had a mania for being in the right. The slightest hint of disagreement from anyone, on the most trivial point, was enough to set him off on a harangue that might last for hours, in which he proved himself right in so many ways and with such exhausting volubility that his hearer, stunned and deafened, would agree with him for the sake of peace.

It never occurred to him that he and his doing were not of the most intense and fascinating interest to anyone with whom he came in contact. He had theories about almost any subject under the sun, including vegetarianism, the drama, politics and music. In support of these theories he wrote pamphlets, letters, books . . . thousands upon thousands of words, hundreds and hundreds of pages. He not only wrote these things and published them—usually at somebody else's expense—but he would sit and read them aloud for hours to his friends and his family.

He wrote operas and no sooner did he have the synopsis of a story but he would invite—or rather summon—a crowd of friends to his house and read it aloud to them. Not for criticism. For applause. When the complete poem was written the friends had to come again and hear *that* read aloud. Then he would publish the poem, sometimes years before the music that went with it was written.



Richard Wagner



*King Ludwig II constructed to Wagner's own design the renowned Festival Theater on "Green Hill," in Bayreuth. Music lovers from all over the world have gathered here annually since 1874 to see Wagnerian opera at its highest attainment. Under the direction of Wagner's grandsons, the drama of the music is intensified through the imaginative settings (as shown on these pages).*

He played the piano like a composer, in the worst sense of what that implies, and he would sit down at the piano before parties that included some of the finest pianists of his time and play for them by the hour his own music, needless to say. He had a composer's voice. And he would invite eminent vocalists to his house and sing them his operas, taking all the parts.

He had the emotional stability of a six-year-old child. When he felt out of sorts, he would rave and stamp or sink into suicidal gloom and talk darkly of going to the East to end his days as a Buddhist monk. Ten minutes later, when something pleased him, he would rush out of doors and run around the garden or jump up and down on the sofa or stand on his head. He could be grief-stricken over the death of a pet dog and he could be callous and heartless to a degree that would have made a Roman emperor shudder.

He was almost innocent of any sense of responsibility. Not only did he seem incapable of supporting himself, but it never occurred to him that he was under any obligation to do so. He was convinced that the world owed him a living. In support of this belief he borrowed money from everybody who was good for a loan.

He wrote begging letters by the score, sometimes groveling without shame or loftily offering his intended benefactor the privilege of contributing to his support, being mortally offended if the recipient declined the honor. I have found no record of his ever paying or repaying money to anyone who did not have a legal claim upon it. What money he could lay his hands on, he spent like an Indian rajah. The mere prospect of a performance of one of his operas was enough to set him to running up bills amounting to ten times the amount of his prospective royalties. On an income that would reduce a more scrupulous man to doing his own laundry, he would keep two servants.

Without enough money in his pocket to pay his rent, he would have the walls and ceiling of his study lined with pink silk. No one will ever know—certainly he never knew—how much money he owed. We do know that his greatest benefactor gave him $6,000 to pay the most pressing of his debts in one city and, a year later, had to give him $16,000 to enable him to live in another city without being thrown into jail for debt.

He was equally unscrupulous in other ways. An endless procession of women marches through his life. His first wife spent twenty years enduring and forgiving his infidelities. His second wife had been the wife of his most devoted friend and admirer from whom he stole her. And even while he was trying to persuade her to leave her first husband, he was writing to a friend to inquire whether he could suggest some wealthy woman—*any* wealthy woman—whom he could marry for her money.

He was completely selfish in his other personal relationships. His liking for his friends was measured solely by the completeness of their devotion to him or by their usefulness to him whether financial or artistic. The minute they failed him—even by so much as refusing a dinner invitation—or began to lessen in usefulness, he cast them off without a second thought. At the end of his life he had exactly one friend left whom he had known even in middle-age.

He had a genius for making enemies. He would insult a man who disagreed with him about the weather. He would pull endless wires in order to meet some man who admired his work and was able and anxious to be of use to him—and would proceed to make a mortal enemy of him with some idiotic and wholly uncalled-for exhibition of arrogance and bad manners. A character in one of his operas was a caricature of one of the most powerful music critics of his day. Not content with burlesquing him, he invited the critic to his house and read him the libretto aloud in front of his friends.

The name of this monster was Richard Wagner. Everything that I have said about him you can find on record—in newspapers, in police reports, in the testimony of people who knew him, in his own

letters, between the lines of his autobiography. And the curious thing about his record is that it doesn't matter in the least.

Because this undersized, sickly, disagreeable, fascinating little man was right all the time. The joke was on us. He *was* one of the world's great dramatists. He *was* a great thinker. He *was* one of the most stupendous musical geniuses that the world has ever seen. The world did owe him a living.

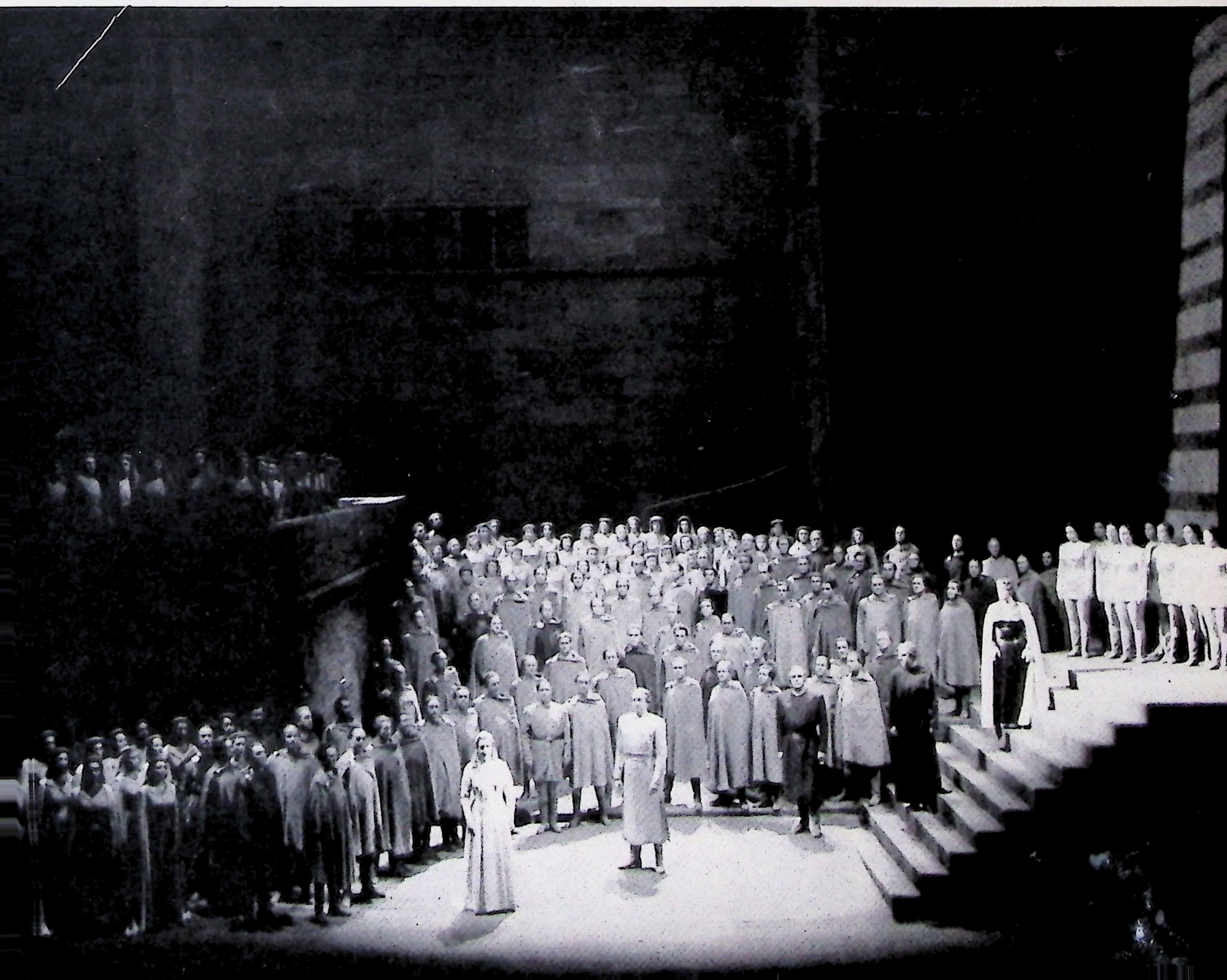
People couldn't know those things at the time, I suppose. Yet, to us who know music, it does seem as though they should have known. What if he did talk about himself all the time? If he had talked about himself for 24 hours every day for the span of his life, he would not have uttered half the number of words that other men have spoken and written about him since his death.

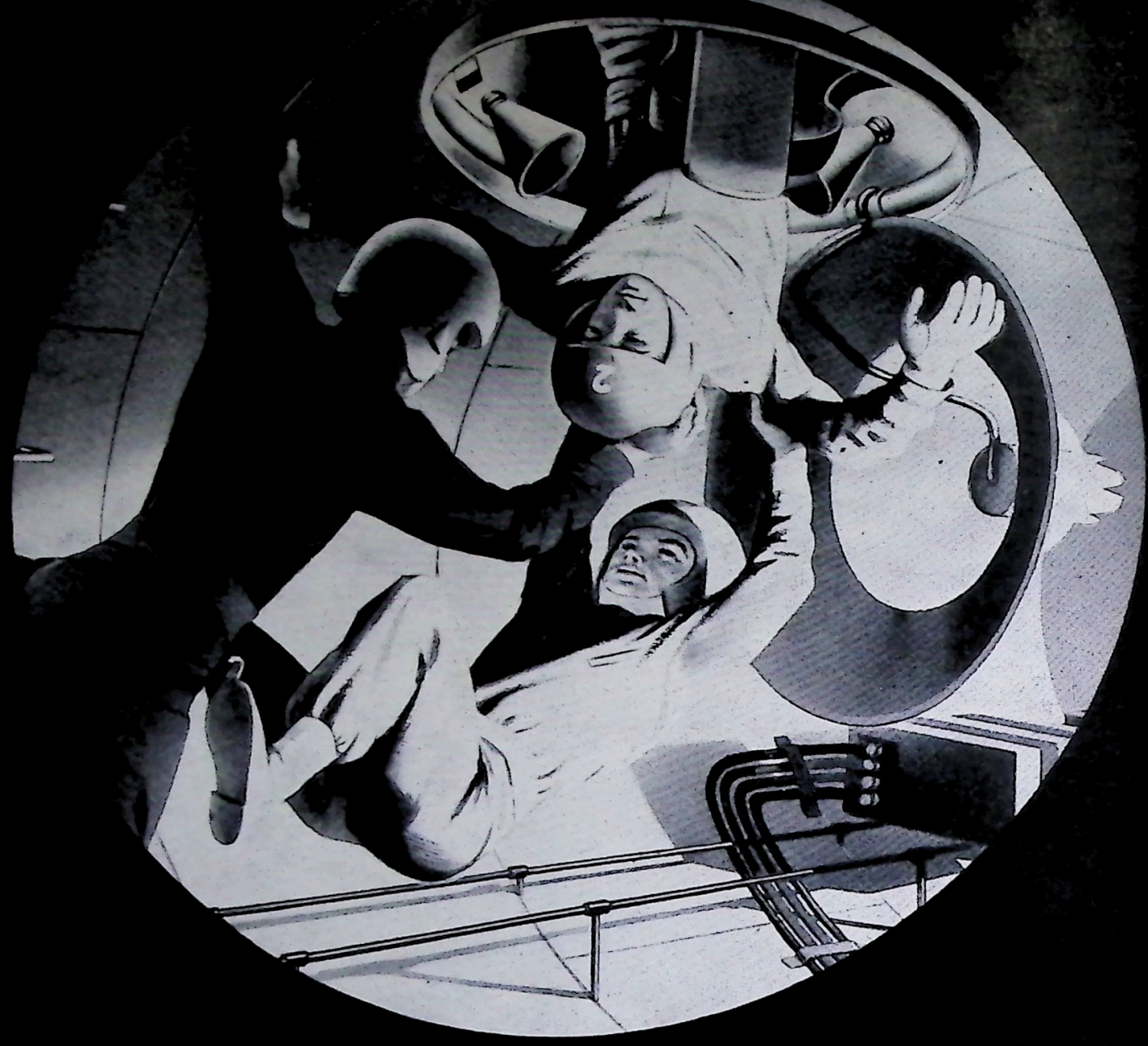
When you consider what he wrote—thirteen operas and music dramas, eleven of them still holding the stage, eight of them unquestionably worth ranking among the world's great musico-dramatic masterpieces—and when you listen to what he wrote, the debts and heartaches that people had to endure from him don't seem much of a price. Eduard Hanslick, the critic whom he caricatured in *Die Meistersinger* and who hated him ever after, now lives only because he was caricatured in *Die Meistersinger*. The women whose hearts he broke are long since dead.

The man who could never love anyone but himself has made them deathless atonement, I think, with Tristan und Isolde. Think of the luxury with which for a time, at least, fate rewarded Napoleon, the man who ruined France and looted Europe, and then perhaps you will agree that a few thousand dollars' worth of debts were not too heavy a price to pay for the *Ring* trilogy.

What if he was faithless to his friends and to his wives? He had one mistress to whom he was faithful to the day of his death: Music. Not for a single moment did he ever compromise with what he believed, with what he dreamed. There is not a line of his music that could have been conceived by a little mind. Even when he is dull, or downright bad, he is dull in the grand manner. There is greatness about his worst mistakes.

Listening to his music, one does not forgive him for what he may or may not have been. It is not a matter of forgiveness. It is a matter of being dumb with wonder that his poor brain and body didn't burst under the torment of the demon of creative energy that lived inside him, struggling, clawing, scratching to be released; tearing, shrieking at him to write the music that was in him. The miracle is that what he did in the little space of seventy years could have been done at all, even by a great genius. Is it any wonder that he had no time to be a man? ♦





# TOMORROW'S EXPLORERS

*by Joachim G. Leithauser*

The technical means for penetration into space are either available now or can be provided in a reasonably short time. It will be possible to develop—for the first landings on strange stars—remote-controlled robots that will be able, with the aid of electronic brains, to do all sorts of work.

But in the long run man himself will have to share in the desperately risky business of space travel, and he is the weakest link in the performance of this great adventure, for his development has been achieved in conditions diametrically opposite to those ruling in space and on the other starry bodies.

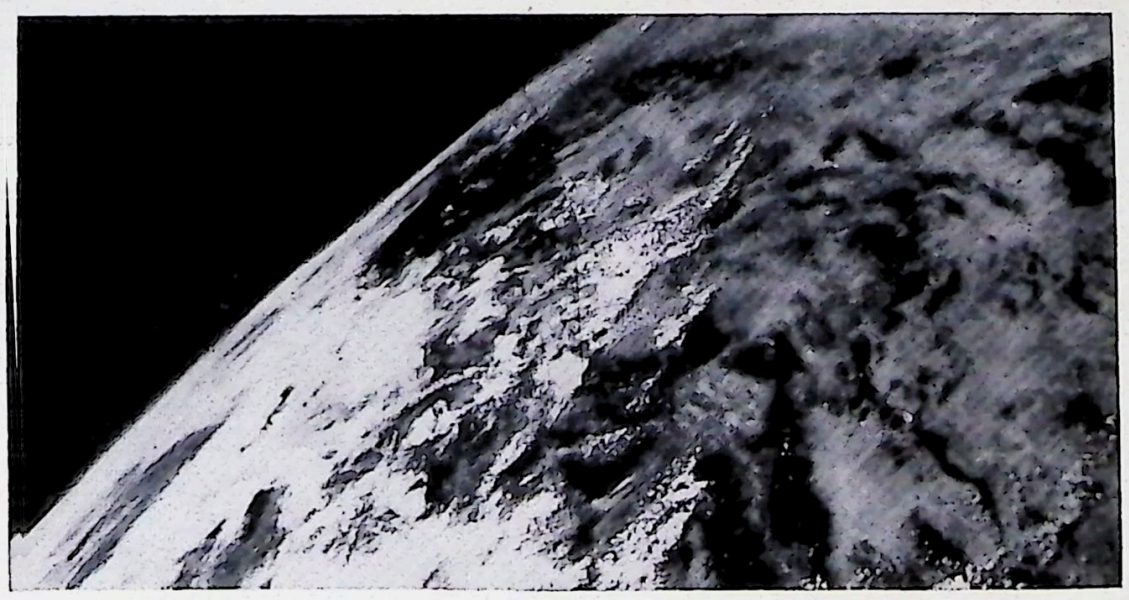
The first space adventurers must be tough, highly trained men of action with nerves of iron, prepared to risk their very necks. It will not be difficult to get volunteers for the venture. Plenty of volunteers offer themselves even now for rocket experiments at the American rocket centers.

A year or two ago, when the Hayden Planetarium in New York jokingly offered reservations for trips to the moon and other planets, 25,000 people from all over the world, most of whom were quite prepared to travel through space, made interested inquiries.

In the days of the great mariners a handful of reckless men dared the perils of unknown horrors inflated by fairytale repetition. Today's space pioneers have precise knowledge of the perils to which they will be exposed. These are incomparably more terrifying than anything that has ever menaced all the irrepressible adventurers in the world's history.

The very ascent of the rocket subjects men to forces that nature has not equipped them to withstand. The lightning-like acceleration increases Earth's drag fourfold. When a car starts violently, it is easy to observe that a human body resists every acceleration as a result of its inertia.

What is a gentle pressure in a car becomes a shattering force in a rocket. The space traveler immediately feels as if several people



*Up 158 miles, rocket camera snaps 600,000 sq. miles of Texas and Mexico.*

were lying on him. Forty seconds after the start he weighs the equivalent of a marble statue of his own body, and a few seconds later he has acquired the weight of a monument of solid iron.

This is not the result of the terrific speed of the vessel. It is due to the acceleration alone, which, just before the first and second components are shed, for a few seconds reaches eight or nine times the force of gravity and so increases the passenger's weight eight or ninefold. It has been revealed during aero-medical tests in centrifuges that a man in a sitting position collapses when the force of gravity is raised from five to six times.

Space travelers will lie on beds made to fit their bodies to an inch. Lying on their backs, men have already stood a sevenfold weight increase for as long as two minutes during tests. It is therefore assumed that strong specimens with a healthy circulation can stand a rocket start with no worse effects than blackout and exhaustion.

The next unusual condition the space traveler will have to get used to is just the opposite: loss of gravity. It may be amusing to picture men floating around while the morsel they want to eat jumps off the spoon and the milk refuses to pour out of the bottle but spurts out of it like a fountain at the slightest agitation.

But the feelings of a man exposed to that state would in actual fact be far from amusing. With loss of gravity every means of sensing direction would also disappear: he would have the feeling that the floor had been removed from under his feet and that he was involved in a never-ending fall.

After many painful experiences and after bumping himself black and blue all over, he will eventually get adjusted to these conditions, and his life will have been brightened during his sojourn on the space station by a slight increase of gravity artificially furnished by its rotary motion.

Space offers man nothing but perils. He will have to summon up all his inventive skill in order to counter them. The problem of oxygen supply will have to be solved. The walls of the ship will, we hope, give enough protection against the sun's ultra-violet rays, which, in the absence of mitigating atmosphere, would roast human beings alive in no time.

There is no knowledge yet whether man can stand up to the cosmic rays in space over a period. The windows of the ship and of the station will have shutters that will be opened only for observation purposes, for the "unearthly" aspect of the sky will be insupportable—a knife-like contrast between the white-hot sun and the Stygian darkness of space. So the first men to leave Earth's atmosphere and approach the sun will have to live in artificial lighting.

The absence of cushioning atmosphere will also allow the sun's heat so powerful an effect that outside walls will have to be specially treated with preparations like magnesium oxide in order to deflect the rays and keep the interior cool.

A most serious menace will be that of meteors hurtling about space. In Earth's atmosphere these are checked and worn down. In the cosmos they go whirling around at a velocity of hundreds of thousands of miles per hour, and if they were only the size of a *grain* of sand they would go clean through the wall of a space ship. Protection can no doubt be evolved against the very small ones, but nobody knows how a space ship is to survive a collision with one of the larger meteors. Even if safety measures such as ejector cabins can be evolved against all kinds of disaster, the fact remains that if man is exposed without protection or artificial assistance to a single one of the conditions obtaining in space—in that instant he dies. He is suffocated for want of oxygen, or the lack of atmospheric pressure brings his blood to boiling-point, or the temperature murders him. Everything is fatal to him.

However ghastly the dangers pictured beforehand by the sailors who ventured in the ships of Columbus or Magellan, they are nothing in comparison to the perils the space traveler of the future can already gauge with such nice precision.

If it ever really proves possible to burst through the sky above us, it will be only because the spirit that has always spurred the great explorers on to cross the horizon is still at work.

So while external circumstances and the technical factors allow of no comparison—tomorrow's discoverer can find in yesterday's the pattern of energy, intelligence, courage, depth of character, and readiness to die. He will also find plenty of discouraging examples of human weakness, error, and vice.

One of the greatest lessons history can pass on to the explorer of the future is the realization that exploration is not just a mere matter of discovering. He will also have to be able to take all that discovery implies and demands. ♦

# THE MIND OF Napoleon

*by J. Christopher Herold*

*Few lives are as thoroughly documented as Napoleon's. Yet aside from some general truths, little is known with certainty. Even the facts remain in dispute; his thoughts are enigmatic in their apparent contradictions; his intentions are mysterious. Napoleon himself foresaw this uncertainty, and he commented: "I would have found it very difficult to assert with any degree of truth what was my whole and real intention."*

*The utter fearlessness with which the young and inexperienced general addressed himself to problems seemingly beyond a single man's scope characterizes the heroic element in Napoleon's mind. There is something of a Hercules in it. Consider, for instance, how the 30-year-old First Consul, within a few weeks after taking power, established a civil administration which proved to be the one and only stable political institution France has had in the past century-and-a-half.*

There are those who see in Napoleon merely the military strong man, the dictator, just as Hercules is esteemed for his muscle rather than his brain. Yet exceptional mental powers are needed to devise a scheme as simple and bold as Hercules' method of cleaning out the Augean stables: a graduate of an agricultural college would never have thought of it.

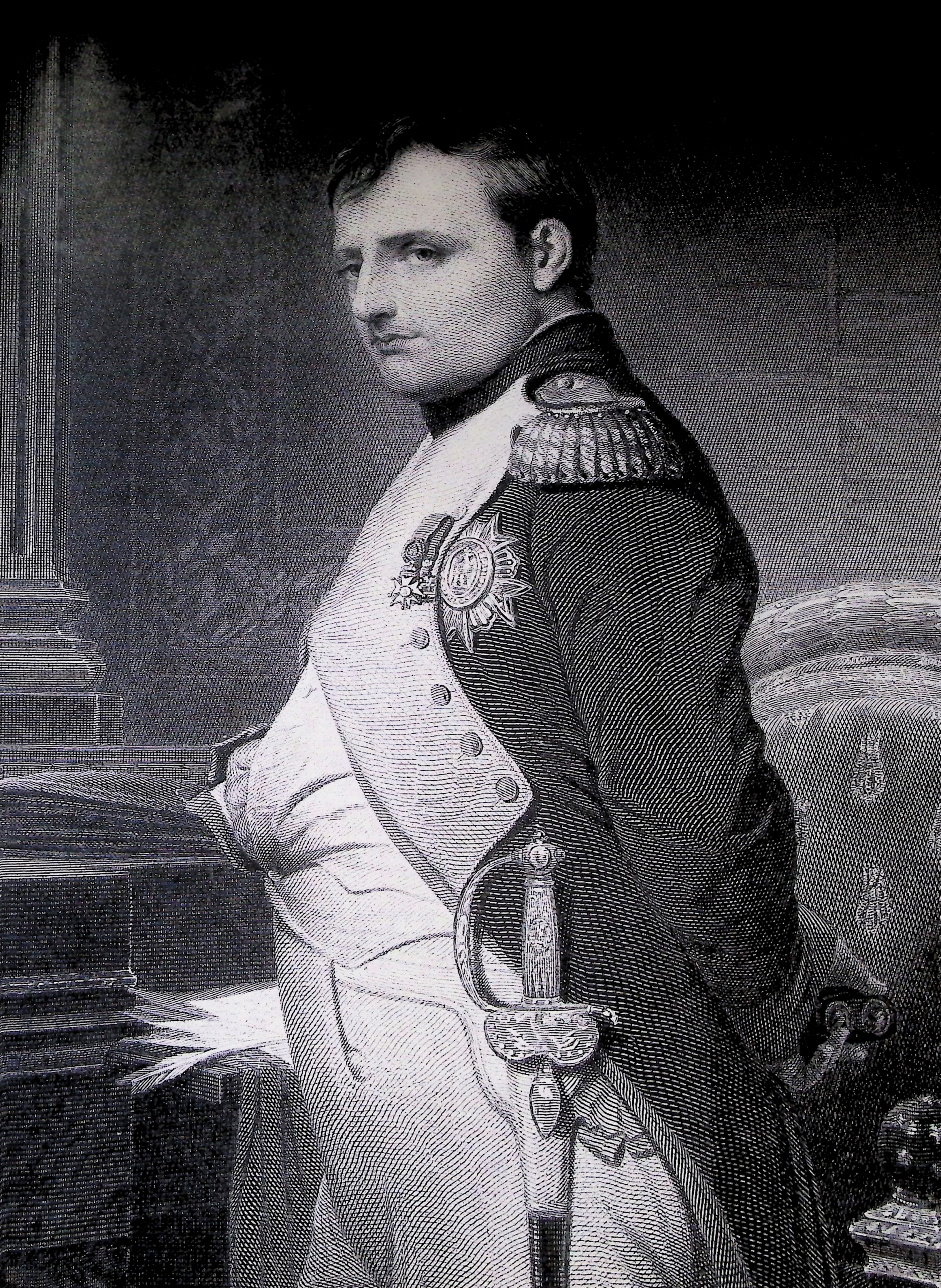
After 1805 or so, Napoleon's mind gradually lost its heroic cast. Instead of approaching new problems with his usual fearless effort, he was content with capricious pronouncements that brooked no contradiction. Then came progressive disease, and with it spells of drowsy lethargy which in the end became almost continuous.

"How I have fallen!" he exclaimed in 1820. "I, whose activity knew no limits, whose head never rested! I am plunged in a lethargic stupor, I must make an effort to raise my eyelids. Sometimes I used to dictate, on different subjects, to four or five secretaries who wrote as fast as I spoke. But I was Napoleon then; today I am nothing... I vegetate, I no longer live."

Yet even then, almost to his last breath, the old Napoleon revived as soon as his mind regained temporary strength. Then all became activity – dazzling conversation, furious gardening, tireless dictation. To his lucid mind, inaction was unbearable.

This supreme combination of intellect and energy gave Napoleon's mind a magnetic, almost supernatural power – a power that seems to radiate from his pictured features and endows his very name with magic.

Examined one by one, Napoleon's accomplishments and utterances lose much of their magic. Their imperfections and errors, their



improvised and derivative nature become only too apparent, and the man's personal defects, his boundless egotism, deceitfulness, and callousness stand exposed.

Unfortunately, this analytical "debunking," if applied to almost any great man (with the possible exception of a handful of saints), would similarly divert attention from the majestic outline of the forest to the imperfection of the trees. A critical examination of a great man's thought or deeds always leads to the ultimate, the only really important question: which is the deeper reality – the whole or the parts? If the answer is the parts, then all greatness stands diminished.

Napoleon described his mental mechanism in three characteristic conversations. "Work," he said in 1816, "is my element. I am born and built for work. I have known the limitations of my legs, I have known the limitations of my eyes; I have never been able to know the limitations of my working capacity."

In the same year, in another conversation reported by his companion in exile, Las Cases, "the Emperor explained the clarity of his ideas and his ability to prolong his occupations indefinitely without experiencing fatigue by saying that each object and each business was filed in his head as in a chest of drawers. 'When I wish to interrupt one occupation,' he said, 'I shut its drawer and open another. They do not mix, and when I am busy with one I am not importuned or tired by the other... When I want to sleep, I shut all the drawers, and I am fast asleep.'"

And in 1817 he remarked: "I cannot write well, because my ideas and my hand are in two different currents. The ideas go faster, and then good-bye legibility! I can only dictate, and this is convenient, because it is as if I were conversing."

Tirelessness, concentration, speed — these were the characteristics of the mechanism.

At first, the mechanism was hampered by the presence of superfluous parts which prevented smooth functioning. "In my youth, I had illusions," said Napeoleon on his deathbed. He added: "I got rid of them fast." What were those illusions?

They were the illusions of the 1780's, such as the belief that philosophical systems and the application of political theories were capable of perfecting society. "Until I was sixteen, I would have fought to the death for Rousseau." This is not the place to go into the reasons that made him change his mind.

Without the French Revolution the break would undoubtedly have been less abrupt. By the time he was 24, he had grown "old when it comes to the human heart." "Considering the alternative," he wrote his brother in 1793, "it is better to eat than be eaten."

Systems and ideologies he threw overboard and henceforth scornfully belabored them as "metaphysics." Yet it would be wrong to assume that he repudiated his 18th century heritage altogether. Privately, he remained a Voltairean deist throughout his life, and if he rejected the notion of human perfectibility, he nevertheless clung to the notion of social perfectibility.

An article in the *Journal des Debats* in 1800, dictated or inspired by Napoleon, said of him: "He knows that men have always been the same, that nothing can change their nature. It is from the past that he will draw his lessons in order to shape the present."

In those long daydreaming hours of his formative years, when Napoleon used to "measure his dreams with the calipers of reason," letting his imagination roam and then examining whether what he had imagined could be translated into reality – in those hours he also pondered the purpose and the destiny of his life.

As to the purpose, his answer was definite: "We are born for the enjoyment of life. Happiness is merely the enjoyment of life in the manner that conforms best to our nature." The question, then, was destiny, which is determined by "the manner that conforms best to our nature."

Exactly what Napoleon conceived his destiny to be is not clear. Here it is enough to repeat two of his dicta: "All my life I have sacrificed everything – comfort, self-interest, happiness – to my destiny." "Destiny must be fulfilled – *that is my chief doctrine*."

If destiny was, in its essence, self-fulfillment, then fate was that element in human affairs which, being beyond the reach of the individual, determined ultimate success or failure. "I have made all the calculations: fate will do the rest." "It is success that makes the great man."

Fate had another aspect, too: it was the iron necessity by which the man of action was forced to perform certain deeds in order to fulfill his destiny; and further, it was the necessity by which one act led to another, thus binding the actor in an unbreakable chain.

Luck is another element in Napoleon's formula, but not in its ordinary meaning. "A consecutive series of great actions never is the result of chance and luck; it always is a product of planning and genius...Is it because they are lucky that [great men] become great? No, but being great, they have been able to master luck." What is luck? The ability to exploit accidents: "The vulgar would call this luck, but in fact it is the characteristic of genius." It takes genius to be lucky—the remark is profound. At Maloyaroslavets, when catastrophe was about to engulf him, he exclaimed, not as a lesser man might, "Has my luck failed me?" but "Have I failed my luck?"

He prided himself on never having done a deed or spoken a word except from calculation. Since Napoleon was human, his boast must be taken with a grain of salt, but even so it was well justified. Lives, feelings, vices, virtues, ideals, passions—everything became mere factors in the great equations of power, war, and politics. Calculation in the sense Napoleon meant took on almost metaphysical subtleties, as is common among gamblers.

"Military science"—and Napoleon applied the principles of that science to all things—"military science consists in first calculating all the possibilities accurately and then in making an almost mathematically exact allowance for accident. It is on this point that one must make no mistake: a decimal more or less may alter everything."

Daring and courage were, of course, qualities equally essential to the leader and to those he led. At the same time, they were subordinate qualities—in those led, to discipline; in the leader, to the dictates of calculation.

"Napoleon made sure that he might dare, and dared," he wrote of himself. Fearlessness in the face of death was part of his natural equipment, as was indifference to human life: he assured Talleyrand he was not in the least afraid of committing an act of cowardice provided it were useful to him.

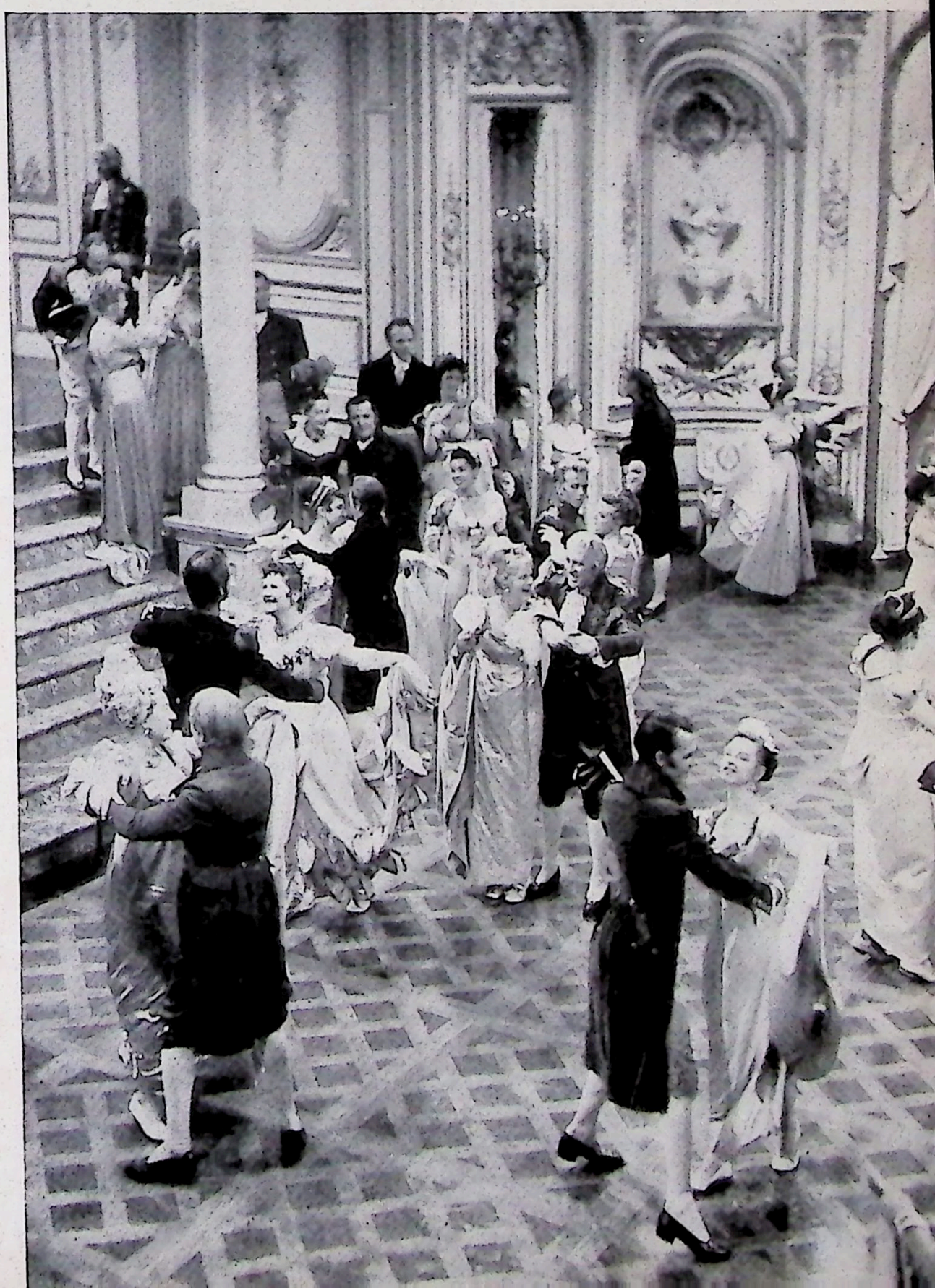
It is now possible to formulate what Napoleon at one point called "the indeterminate equation," that higher mathematics of the man of destiny and genius—a mathematics that cannot be learned. In general and at every step, destiny must be fulfilled by the exploitation of every opportunity, every accident; by the exact computation of all the chances, including imponderables; by the precise determination of the decisive moment for action.

There is nothing new about the formula, but two things distinguish Napoleon from others who have used it: his ruthless consistency in applying it and the ability of his mind to apply it to any given problem with almost instantaneous results. "My policies," he said, "are the result of meditation and of strength."

Closer examination of Napoleon's mental processes will show that the contradiction is part of his elastic formula. First of all, although Napoleon threw out a few suggestive hints concerning the historic process, he had no settled, systematic ideas on that matter. "History I conquered rather than studied... I spurned what was of no use [to me], and I seized upon certain conclusions that pleased me."

Thus, according to the occasion, history could be "an agreed-upon fiction" and "the only true philosophy." When it suited his purpose

*The Era of Napoleon's Republic did not dull the brilliance of life at Court. Empress Josephine was a queen of society and entertained in a lavish manner. A connoisseur of objets d' art, Napoleon designed his palace furnishings, tapestries, Baccarat crystal, and even ordered the famous decorator, Joseph Dufour, to depict the Egyptian campaign on wallpaper. Every possible item in the palace was marked with his familiar "N" encircled by a laurel wreath. The empire line today is as familiar to cabinet makers as it is to dress designers.*



he would go to the past "to draw his lessons in order to shape the present." At another point—when he seizes the dictatorship, in fact—he exclaims: "Let no one search the past for examples that might slow down our advance!" In his hands history becomes a political tool; its very writing becomes a political service.

His pronouncements on history reflect not his convictions but merely the needs of the moment. Still, he clearly realized the value history held for the individual man of destiny as his sole guide and teacher. Hidden between the lines of his official and contradictory pronouncements there is a subtle and terrible consistency.

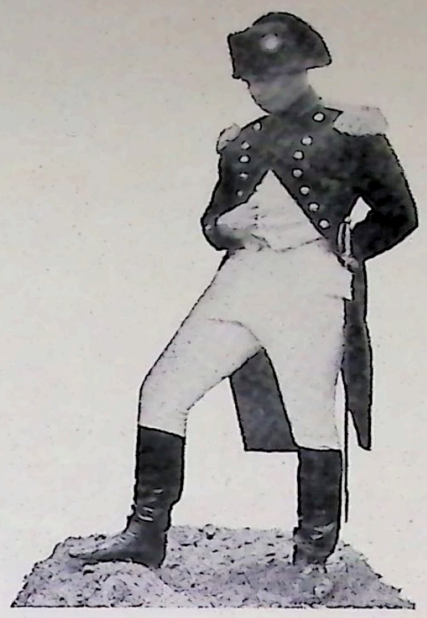
It may be an unfair judgment, but not a farfetched one, to say that in Napoleon's philosophy the destiny of nations was chiefly to serve as the vehicle for the destinies of ambitious men. What is almost certain is that Napoleon did not link his destiny with that of France because of his love of France; rather, he loved France because he had linked his destiny with hers. "France needs me more than I need France," he said. The statement may be interpreted in several ways.

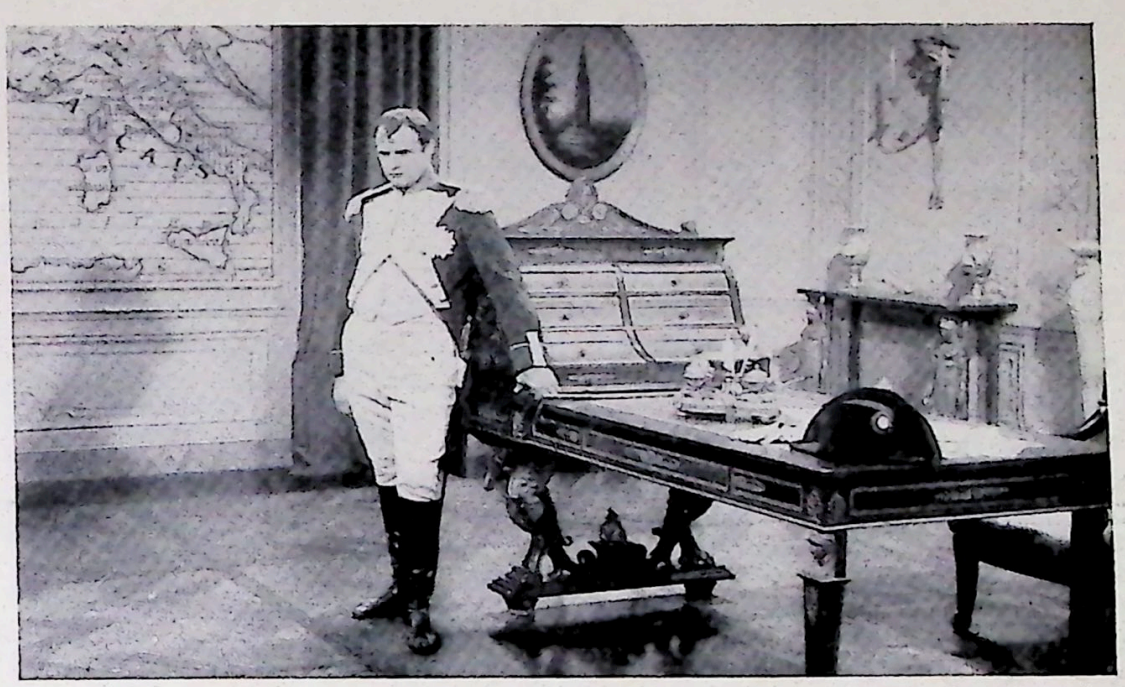
Napoleon continually and consistently emphasized that it was as a civil leader, a lawgiver, a representative of the spirit rather than the sword that he had taken upon himself the guidance of the destinies of France. His utterances on military rule verge on sheer antimilitarism.

By what may seem to be a detour we are led to Napoleon's conception of the historic role of civilization. Civilization in his eyes was man's gradual habituation to law by dint of tradition and experience. "If the large majority wanted to be criminals and defy the law," he asked, "who would have the power to stop them or constrain them?" And he answers: civilization. "Most sentiments are traditions. We experience them because they have preceded us." "Virtually not a single human activity is determined by the simple impulse of man's will. From childhood on we live under the sway of laws and habits."

It is not clear here whether Napoleon regarded it as his mission to forward the trends of civilization or whether he merely exploited these trends for his own advancement. The question is perhaps idle, since the identification was complete. The salient characteristic of all of Napoleon's utterances, on any subject whatsover, no matter how remote, is that by some twist he invariably ends by placing himself at the center.

The destiny of General Bonaparte, the destiny of France, the destiny of Europe, the destiny of civilization—each was, in the last analysis, merely one aspect of the same thing. "He wanted," said Mme. de Stael, "to put his gigantic self in the place of humankind." ♦





*By many critics Marlon Brando is considered to be one of America's most brilliant young actors. An Academy Award winner, he has brought a new note of realism and intensity to the motion picture. In "Desirée" Brando portrayed Napoleon as something more than an emperor. He was depicted by Brando—under the sensitive direction of Henry Koster—as a man tormented by conflicting passions and desires, surrounded by advisers and generals and yet basically lonely. "Desirée" was widely lauded both in Europe and in the United States for its technical accuracy and faithful reproduction of the Napoleonic era.*

*Napoleon is known as a great conqueror and thus he left his stamp upon world history. But he was also an original thinker whose ideas have a lasting significance for our own time. He realized that man's spirit is greater than his sword and that more important than worldly conquest is man's unending search for certainty.*

# Napoleon's thoughts on . . .

IMMORTALITY

What is a great reputation? A big noise. The more noise you make, the farther it will go. Laws, institutions, monuments, nations . . . all this passes—but the noise it makes continues to vibrate through other generations.

DESTINY AND FATALISM

Men of genius are meteors destined to be consumed in lighting up their century.

MASTERING FORTUNE

All great events hang by a single thread. The clever man takes advantage of everything, neglects nothing that may give him some added opportunity; the less clever man, by neglecting one thing, sometimes misses everything.

AMBITION

Imagination rules the world.

KNOWLEDGE

The true conquests, the only ones that leave no regret, are those that have been won from ignorance.

Without talent, without knowledge, there is no equality but the equality of misery and servitude.

PHYSICIANS AND MEDICINE

You must tranquilize your mind: this is the best way to cure the body . . .The art of healing is simply the art of lulling and calming the imagination.

JUDGING CHARACTER

Never judge a man by his physiognomy. Men must be tested to be known.

POLITICS AND MISTAKES

In politics you must never retreat, never retrace your steps, never admit a mistake—otherwise, you are discredited. If you have made a mistake, you must persevere—that will put you in the right.

THE ART OF USING MEN

The great art of governing consists in not letting men grow old in their jobs.

WISE COUNSEL

No one can be a good adviser until he has his career behind him.

CONQUEST AND GLORY

My power is dependent on my glory, and my glory on my victories. My power would fall if I did not base it on still more glory and still more victories. Conquest made me what I am; conquest alone can keep me there.

CAREERS

Greatness has its beauties, but only in retrospect and in the imagination.

WAR

If you wage war, do it energetically and with severity. This is the only way to make it shorter, and consequently less inhuman.

There is a moment in every battle at which the least maneuver is decisive and gives superiority, as one drop of water causes overflow.

THE HUMAN HEART

To study men, learn how far their patience can stretch.

True character always pierces through in moments of crisis.

There are sleepers whose awakening is terrifying.

See what difference there is between the groping of men and the confident, frank pace of nature.

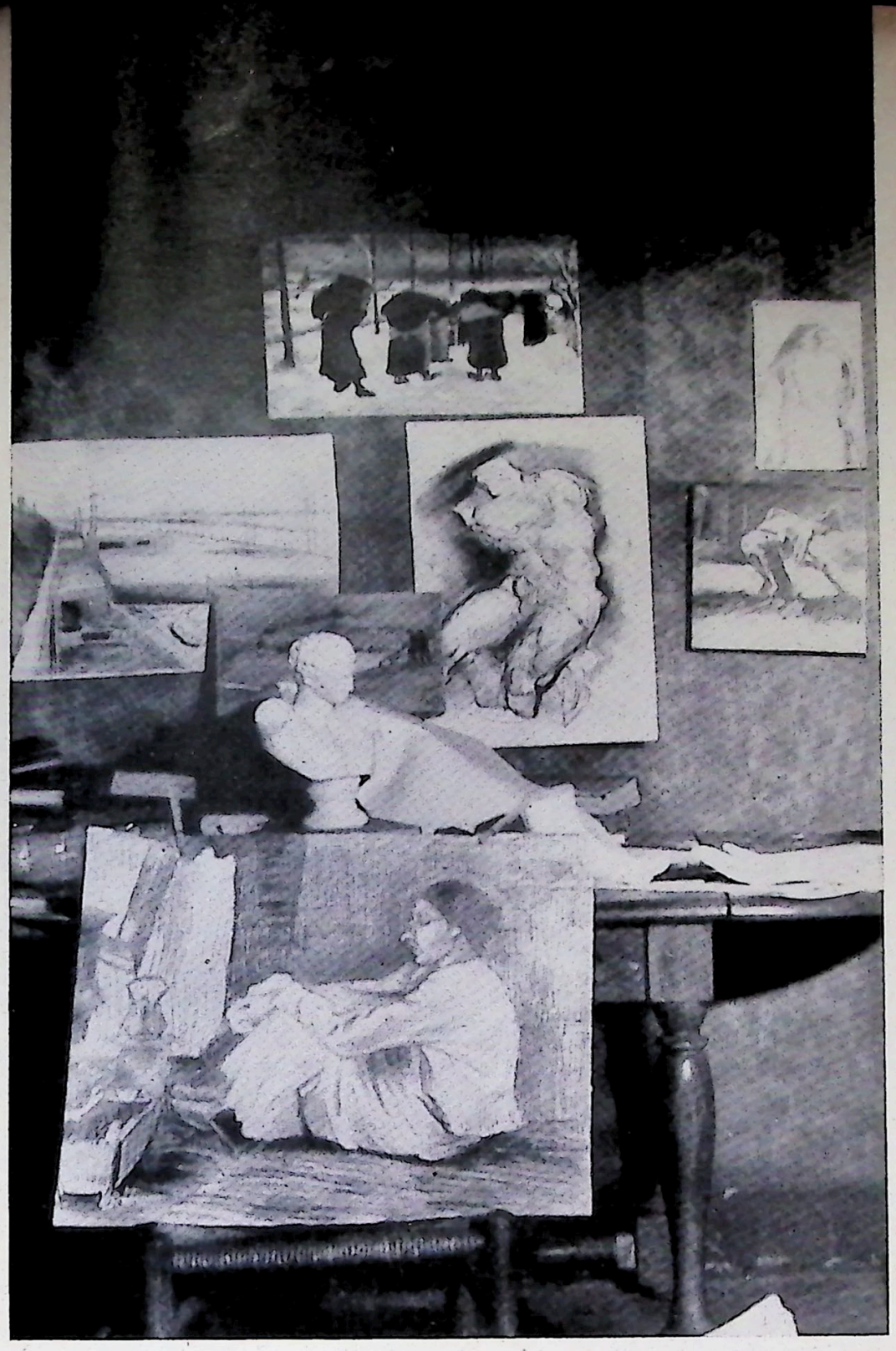
Men are moved by two levers only: fear and self-interest.

Be successful! I judge men only by the results of their actions.

QUESTIONS OF LIFE

What is the future? What the past? What are we? What is this magic fluid that envelops us and hides from us what most we need to know? We are born, we live, we die surrounded by wonder.

There is a link between animals and the Deity. Man is merely a more perfect animal than the rest. He reasons better. But how do we know that animals have not a language of their own? My opinion is that it is presumption in us to say no, because we do not understand them. A horse has memory, knowledge, and love . . . Who can deny the sagacity of dogs? There is a link between all animals. The same spirit animates them all in a greater or lesser degree.



# We must become men

*by Vincent Van Gogh*

I have a lot of work to do, but still I have the firm hope to succeed. But it will take time. It is what everybody says, and not only Corot: "It took only forty years of hard work and of thought and attention."

But sometimes a man asks himself: How shall I ever arrive? At night I am tired and I cannot get up as early as I wish. My head is sometimes heavy and often it burns and my thoughts are confused. To get used to and persevere in simple, regular study after all those emotional years is not always easy.

When I think of the past—when I think of the future of almost invincible difficulties, of much and difficult work, which I do not like, which I, or rather my evil self, would like to shirk; when I think the eyes of so many are fixed on me—who will know where the fault is if I do not succeed, who will not make trivial reproaches?

And yet I go on, but prudently, hoping to have the strength of resisting those things so that I shall know what to answer to those reproaches that threaten me. And realizing everything that seems against me, I yet shall reach the aim I am striving for and, if God wills it, shall find favor in the eyes of some I love and in the eyes of those who will come after me.

There is written: "Lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees," and when the disciples had worked all night and had not caught any fish, they were told: "Go out into the deep and cast your nets again into the sea."

If we are tired, isn't it then because we have already walked a long way. If it is true that man has his battle to fight on earth, is not then the feeling of weariness and the burning of the head a sign that we have been struggling? If I had only given all my strength to it before, yes, I should have been further now.

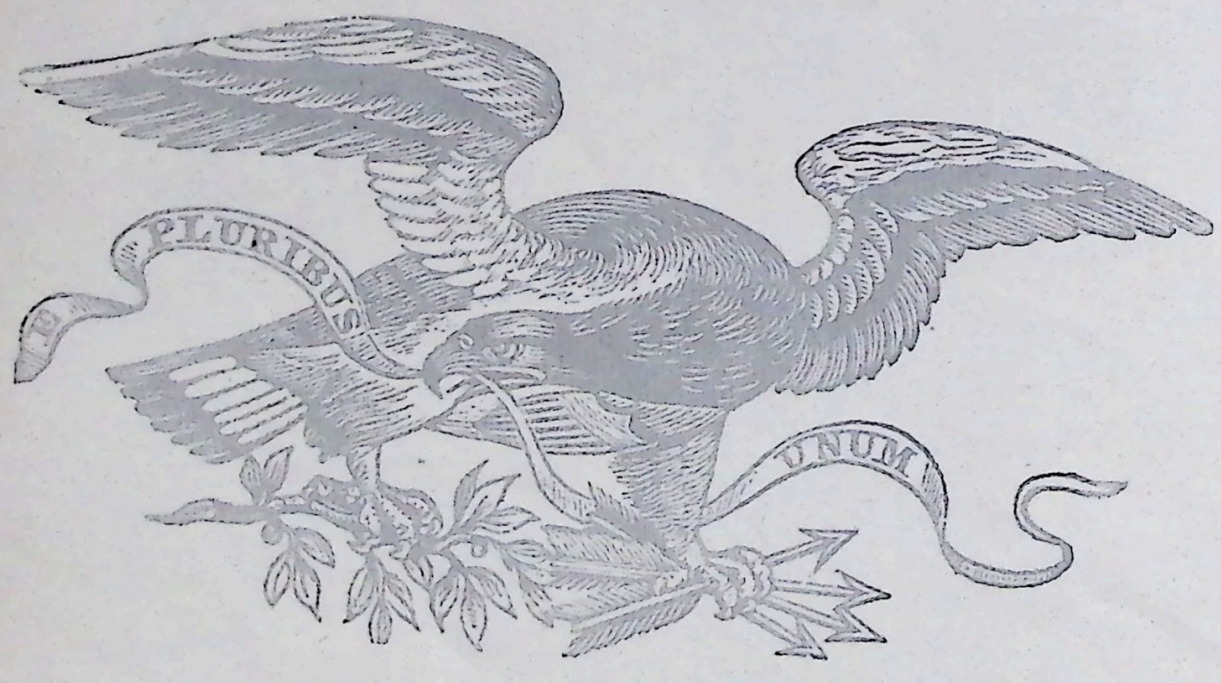
Do you think we too shall be at the evening of our life before we know it? If the days are flying past us faster and faster, it sometimes does good to believe and to remember that "Man proposes and God disposes."

When we are working at a difficult task and strive after a good thing, we are fighting a righteous battle, the direct reward being that we are kept from much evil. As we advance in life the battle becomes more and more difficult. In fighting the difficulties, the inmost strength of the heart is developed.

Indeed, life is a battle. We have to defend and protect ourselves and, with a cheerful and brave spirit, we must plan and calculate in order to make progress.

We are put in the rank and file of life. We must fight a good battle and we must become men. ♦

VAN GOGH'S *Self-Portrait*




# AMERICA'S

## sagebrush hero

Rousseau's "natural man," that romantic symbol of freedom which captivated the eighteenth century, triumphantly entered the American forests as the buckskin-clad hunter, only to emerge on the Great Plains a century later as the American cowboy.

Somewhere between the Alleghenies and the Rockies the followers of Daniel Boone traded coonskins for sombreros, long rifles for six-shooters and moccasins for spurs—without losing their fascination for the hero-loving American public.

The two symbolic figures, hunter and cowboy, made similar appeals to the trait valued above all others in American culture: freedom. The hunter wasn't happy unless he had what Daniel Boone called elbowroom, which translated into the twentieth century terms became a popular cowboy ditty, "Don't Fence Me In." There was something nostalgic about it. For only two decades had the cowboy roamed hundreds of miles with no fences to hamper him or his herd.

By 1956, those days were as distant as speculation over the morals of Grover Cleveland or the feasibility of eating tomatoes. With the coming of barbed wire and homesteaders in the 1870's, the open range quickly disappeared in fact, but not in fancy. On the back of Old Paint, the Cowboy has ridden through whole libraries of serious literature, hundreds of light novels, boxcar loads of pulp paper and miles of celluloid (mostly grade B, alas), a world symbol of twentieth century America.

The American GI's found this out during World War II. In remote places they discovered they were expected not to shoot the way the sergeant had taught them, but from the hip; to abandon their jeeps if a horse of any description were available; to ignore posture drills and let their legs assume a normal bowed position; and to toss army tactics aside and track down enemy bad men in posses.

In analyzing the cowboy, we are dealing not so much with indi-

viduals as with a recognizable type; not with a historical reality, but with a fictional ideal. Most Americans feel that the west is governed by a compelling and unwritten code, a "spirit" unlike that east of the Mississippi. The cowboy epitomizes this code and spirit.

Major expansion in the cattle business came after the annexation of Texas in 1845. The number of cattle increased about 30% annually, with an equivalent increase in the herders. By the time of the 1849 California gold rush, there was a less spectacular but more solid one underway on the Texas plains. There the gold was on the hoof.

The development of the cattle business and popular interest in the cowboys who made it possible, stopped abruptly with the Civil War. But the cowboy grew in stature after Appomattox. The two decades that followed were his golden years. Herds too vast to be counted grazed on the open pasture which extended from the Rio Grande to Canada and from Kansas to the Rockies. Here was the famous sea of grass. The cowboys who drove their herds northward to be marketed were masters of it.

The saga of the American cowboy gripped the American imagination. Writers, executives and directors have dedicated themselves to the remunerative principle that old cowboy tales and deeds shall not die, nor even slightly fade away. They have added to the glory and guts of the historical cowboy, making him into what Omar Barker calls a "fictitious hero," a guitar-strumming, movie-set outdoors man, a pale imitation of the man who was once content to punch cattle.

Everyone (but especially 25,000,000 juvenile Americans) knows what the cowboy looks like. Physically he is tall, tanned, sinewy, a man at home in the great outdoors. Weatherbeaten and rough, this child of nature is innately handsome, despite eyes squinted from work in the glaring sun and legs bowed from a life in the saddle. He is never far away from his horse, who has almost human intelligence.

*by Marshall Fishwick*

The two of them form the most enduring team in American mythology.

Details of his uniform vary little. On his head is a broad-brimmed felt hat, white if he's a good guy, black if he is shady. Tied around his neck is a colored silk handkerchief, to be pulled over his face during a dust storm. A handsome loose flannel shirt (elaborately embroidered if a technicolor movie camera is lurking nearby) covers his manly chest. To his pants, which fit him not like trousers but a glove, might be attached leather chaps.

Since he must carry the law with him on his hip, a gun and holster are standard equipment. If he intends to make a place for himself with he-men, he will have two guns, symbols of quick and decisive action. These six-shooters, of heavy caliber, can be depended on to open a path for daylight through the body of any hostile critter, man or beast. On his feet are tight-fitting, high-heeled boots which go into the stirrups. They make him out of place when walking like the lowly pedestrian. On these boots are spurs, which guide his horse while his hands are occupied with lasso or revolver.

You will find him (say his admirers) modest, truthful, brave, enduring, democratic, fun-loving and highly individualistic. He is

the model of all who believe that life in God's outdoors, close to the "real" things, is desirable—a good man to have with you and demon when against you. A man to be tampered with only when you are reconciled to picking lead slugs out of your carcass on short notice.

As a class, cowboys have always presented a discouraging field for missionaries. For years there was "no Sunday west of the Kaw and no God west of the Pecos." A traditional specialty, once the long drive was over and the long-earned rest won, was raising hell. Naturally some excuse had to be advanced for such carryings-on in a nation where blue laws endured and the ghost of Calvin still stalked on the land.

An ample one existed in the effects of isolation and solitude upon the cowboy. If they did not condone, they at least explained his lawlessness. The unbroken quiet of the plains, a sort of perpetual solitary confinement, could be oppressive, almost unbearable. So the cowboys shot up the town when they could get there and turned [illegible] synonymous terms. To the usual sins were added as many new ones as conditions would permit.

What could seem more shocking and actually more enticing, to the sedate, law-abiding, urban East? The West's "beautiful bibulous Babylons of the Plains," as one writer called them, became symbols of escape. Many a tourist dollar was and is, spent in order to indulge in a little authentic western revelry, no holds barred. Such towns as Las Vegas, Tombstone and Reno, have capitalized on it for years.

In his own bully way, Theodore Roosevelt was as good a publicist for the strenuous life and the cowboy who lived it, as anyone. He admired the cowboy, as his book on *Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail* (1888) showed.

Roosevelt called him "the grim pioneer of our race," who "prepares the way for the civilization from before whose face he must disappear. Hard and dangerous though this is, it has a wild attraction that strongly draws to it his bold, free spirit."

Such passages, repeated in many twentieth century books, established the general picture of the cowboy. None of them succeeded in making historical individuals into cowboy heroes. No Daniel Boones or Kit Carsons of the range emerged and none exists in our heroic portrait gallery.

The Western film, the Great American horse opera, involves rapid action, the struggle of right and wrong and the triumph of justice. It bristles with violence, which allows the hero to show his caliber. The actual drama and setting, though important, are always subordinate to the cowboy. They simply present opportunities for the definition of his code and character. Like a sacrament, the drama is repeated *ad infinitum* to reaffirm the audience's child-like faith in its idol... He fights not for laws or women or property, but to prove what he is: the last gentleman.

The portrait of this two-dimensional and stylized hero so kind to "good girls" and horses and so mean to "bad girls" and villians, is fostered not only by the movies and magazines, but also by reality.

People living in the West have adopted the myths, manners and even the drawl which was invented in cowboy fiction. This is something worth noting. Instead of life imposing itself on literature, literature is here imposing itself on life.

Thus it is that dude ranches thrive not only beyond the Mississippi, but on Long Island, in the Berkshires and throughout Pennsylvania. The Eastern visitor, no less than the Western cowpoke, is determined to turn back the clock and enjoy once more the two decades after the Civil War when ranges and bars were open.

"If we could dispel the haze," writes Walter P. Webb in *The Great Plains*, "we could view western life as it was in reality—logical, perfectly in accord ultimately with the laws laid down by the inscrutable Plains."

We can never get rid of the romantic haze that has settled permanently on the western horizon. And most of us wouldn't want to, even if we could...The American cowboy symbolizes a freedom, individuality and closeness to nature which for many has become a mirage. He is a safety valve for our souls. When things get too bad, we slip into a movie house, or into a chair with the latest cowboy magazine or novel and vicariously hit the trail.

The cowboy makes an excellent hero. He is a horseback man, always the breed of heroes throughout history. As wholesome as a glass of Grade A pasteurized milk, he boasts a virile code and outlook. He has those virtues our culture most admires and displays them on all occasions. The western movies are little courses in citizenship—modern morality plays. Parents send junior off to the Saturday matinee, knowing that virtue will triumph and the forces of darkness will be squelched.

The open range has gone forever. Only an imaginary trail winds its way through what was once the unbroken sea of grass. All that is left of the golden moment is a group of names on the land: Bitterroot, Rawhide Creek, Whoopup, Chugwater, Tensleep, Wounded Knee, Tombstone, Medicine Bow and Horse Thief Creek.

Heartfelt and descriptive, they endure. So does the memory and the dream. ♦

# Happiness

# Is

# Contagious

*by Maurice Maeterlinck*

We are all searching for happiness, yet can anyone define it? A friend of mine was recently trying to tell her small daughter what it is. After a long dissertation she asked the child. "Now do you understand?" Whereupon the little girl replied disarmingly, "Yes, Mother, except when you explain."

How charming is the old Persian legend about the king who was very powerful but also very unhappy. He consulted his seers to find the solution to the dilemma. "Your Majesty," they said, "you must wear the shirt of a happy man." There followed a long search and finally a poor peasant was found who was perfectly happy. He was a ragged fellow who wore no shirt.

The more we reflect on this phantom called happiness which we all seek so eagerly, the more we perceive its dependence upon the happiness of other people.

I once knew a man who died leaving a vast fortune which he himself said in an obituary letter was more than any one man should possess. He went on to say how he had spent futile years trying to find happiness. Doubtless he had everything that money could offer, yet the answer to his problem was actually unbuyable. It was probably over his shoulder, to be had free of charge.

Another man I knew was a helpless cripple and utterly incurable. I could not help asking him whether his affliction colored his views. "Yes," he answered, "but I make the colors!"

The strenuous soul would seem to be built up of disillusions. Every deception and disappointment, every hope that has crumbled to dust is possessed of a hidden strength of its own that adds strength to all truths. The more disillusions that fall at our feet, the more surely and nobly will great reality shine on us.

Many a happiness in life, as many a disaster, can be due to chance, but the peace within us can never be governed by chance. Call it what you may, heart, will, soul or conscience, these words mean more or less the same thing—the spiritual riches of man. Without peace in our hearts how can we expect peace in the world?

I would not go so far as to say that it is given to all men to be happy in exterior things. External circumstances can do a lot, but it lies within the power of the least favored among us to find a happy inner life by being gentle and just and generous. He should learn to look on his fellows without envy or malice or futile regret, the things which most militate against true happiness.

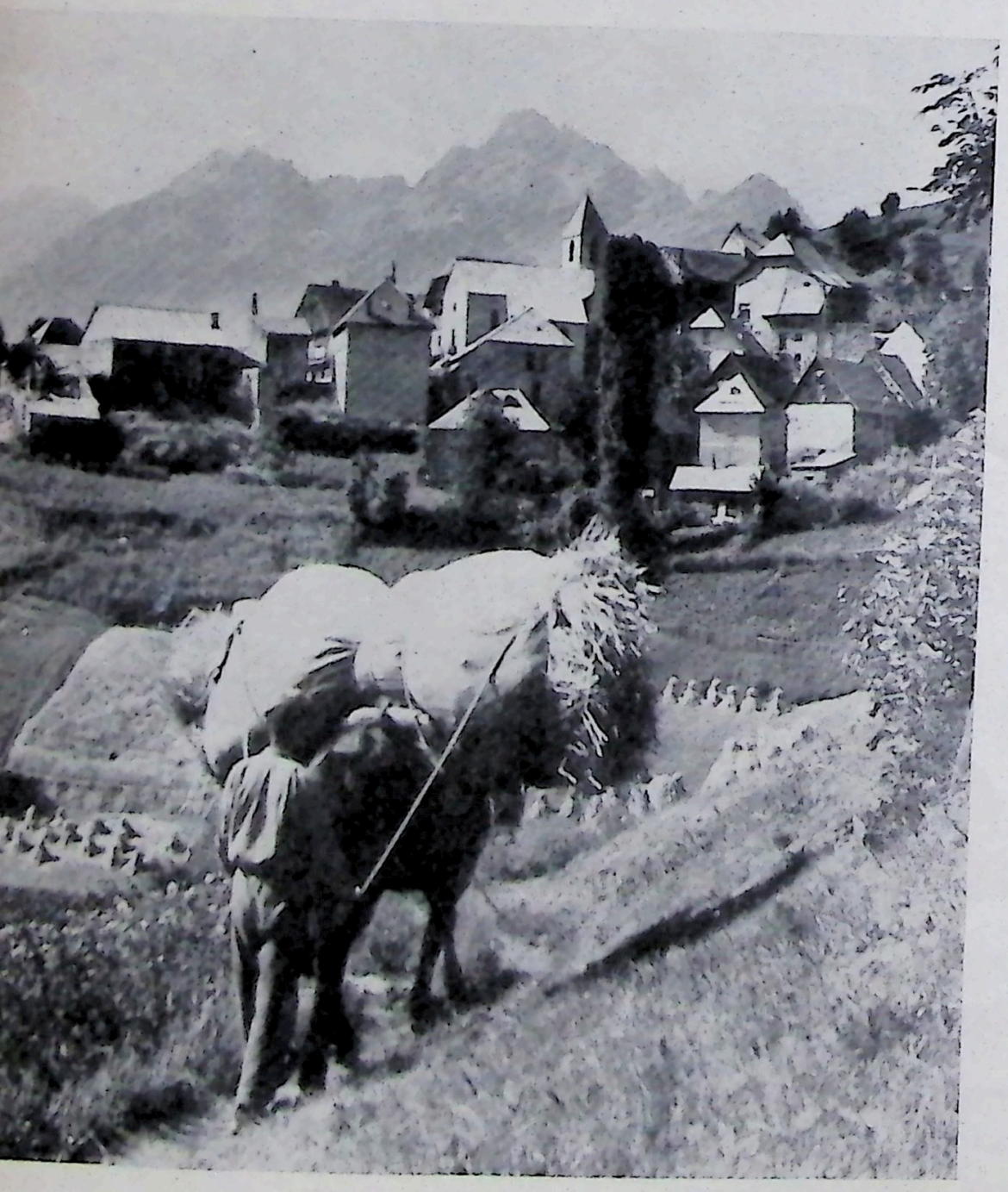
Remember that happiness is as contagious as gloom. It should be the first duty of those who are happy to let others know of their gladness.

The French word for happiness is *bonheur*, meaning "good hour." Let us gather hours of gladness. So many are lost because we are not conscious of them at the time.

We are now living in a rare epoch of history when, in the space of a few raging years, the character and destiny of the world is being determined for an unknown length of time. The hope of earthly salvation should fill all of our hearts and should rest mainly on solidarity and her companion, goodness.

With this anticipation for the benefit of collective mankind, let us start individually by making life less difficult for each other in every way possible.

Never forget that those who bring happiness to the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves. And more often than not the opportunity lies over your shoulder! ♦



# Portrait of FRANCE

*by P. E. Charvet*

It may well be that the mentality of the peasant is the same the world over. The French peasant, be he Breton or Norman, Fleming or Tourangeau, Alsatian, Cevenol, or Provencal, is above all a passionate lover of the soil. This be it said in passing has nothing to do with the love of nature. His love of the soil is rooted in material interest, his view of beauty assessed on fertility and yields per acre.

If we pass now from the country to the town, we shall find the same love of independence. The small man is dominant—the small garage proprietor who will expend treasures of ingenuity on keeping his asthmatic car of no recognizable model on the road, the small confectioner whose wares are a feast to the eye before becoming a balm to the palate, the small carpenter, the small shopkeeper.

Each in his own domain has the love of his *metier* because he is working for himself, because he likes to know his individual customer and minister to his individual wants—just as the customer prefers to deal with a small shop rather than be lost in a vast emporium. The big chain store has not taken root in France, except perhaps in Paris.

All this may mean some sacrifice of material advantage in standards or money or time, particularly in time. A visitor to Paris or any big town cannot fail to be struck by the fact that the small bars and small restaurants, which are legion, appear to remain open all day, every day, and most of the night. Do the proprietors never sleep, never take a day off or have any pastime of their own?

The answer would appear to be that these are mostly small family concerns which, with the fierce competition that exists, need to be constantly open if they are to provide their owners with a modest living. But even if Frenchmen may be growing conscious that the sum of human effort and time involved seems disproportionate to the material reward, it will take a long time to persuade the small man that his independence is too dear at the price.

For him to barter his liberty, his right to keep his shop or his restaurant open as long as he likes—in exchange for the advantages which the hireling may derive from regular hours, early closing days, and the like—would need either an economic situation in which he could no longer live or else the attractions of the English "week-end habit": the local bowls, golf, or tennis club.

The bourgeois, according to Monsieur Andre Siegfried, is in the last analysis (setting aside for the moment his position in the social order) a man who has some reserves to fall back upon. In this sense it might be argued that all the classes so far discussed are bourgeois, either in fact or by intention—bourgeois, in short, by mentality.

But the characteristic trait which seems to apply most particularly to all Frenchmen of whatever class or occupation would appear to be individualism. The peasant, depending upon himself, working for himself, establishing his life within the four corners of his fields, can surely be regarded as an individualist by definition. Amongst the agricultural population of France, the independent farmer, owing accounts to no one except perhaps to the tax-collector (who doubtless needs to be both persuasive and persistent), is in the majority.

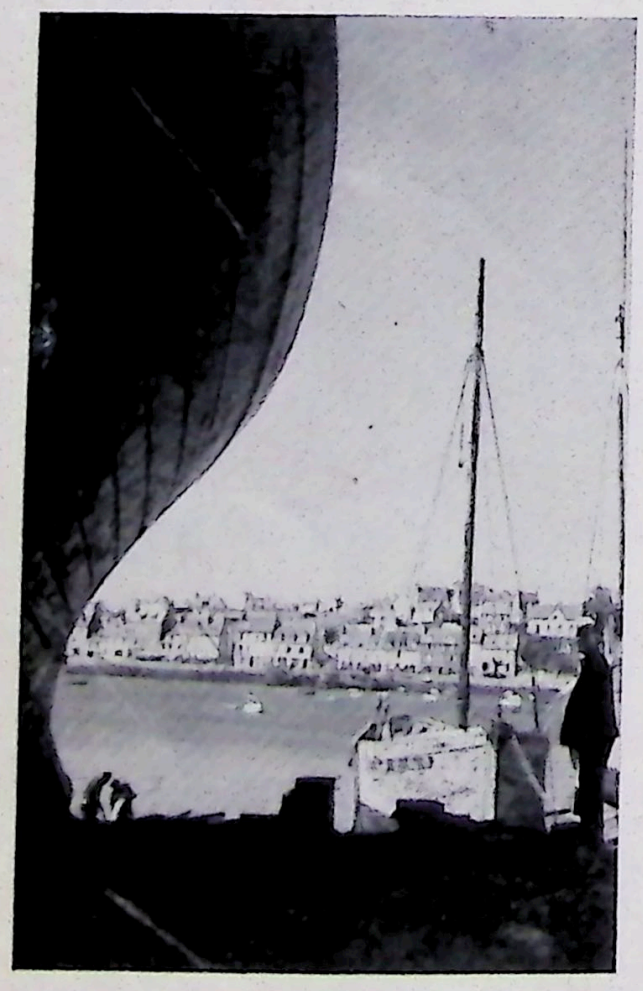
Much the same may be said of the artisan and the small man in general. There is reason to regard the individualist with sympathy, to admire the vigorous independence of the man who is prepared to fend for himself, to shoulder his own responsibilities. Such people are not likely to form a suitable culture for the virus of totalitarianism, of the monolithic State, of anything which savours of what the French refer to as *le gigantisme*.

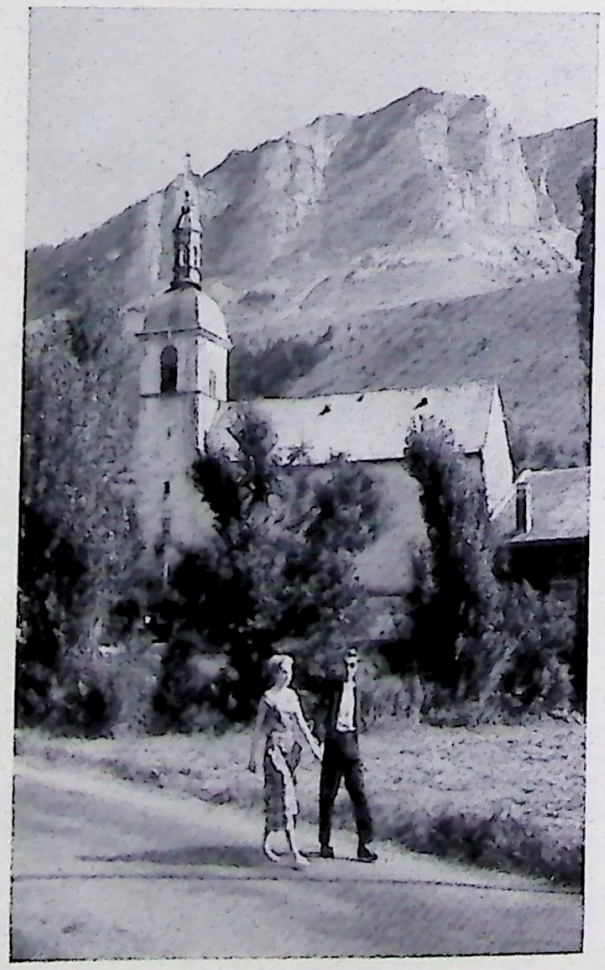
The fact that the economy is subdivided into so many tiny self-supporting cells must give to the whole structure a greater elasticity, a greater power to absorb shocks and to survive them despite the direst forecasts of economist sages.

It seems possible to derive further evidence of the Frenchman's

*(continued on page 60)*

*With her picturesque countryside and vital, modern cities and seaports,*
*France has a charm which enchants her people as well as the traveler.*





innate individualism from the mentality of the industrial worker. In theory no doubt the French trade union movement has the same aims as its English counterpart, except it is probably more colored with political ideals of an internationalist kind. In practice the movement lacks the striking power (in both senses of the term) to carry them out effectively.

The trade union movement is divided and financially weak because the individual member lacks discipline, lacks the spirit of mass organization which the belief in the value of collective action confers. His support of his union tends to be sporadic, and his ideal method of achieving a given set of demands is not so likely to take the form of negotiation.

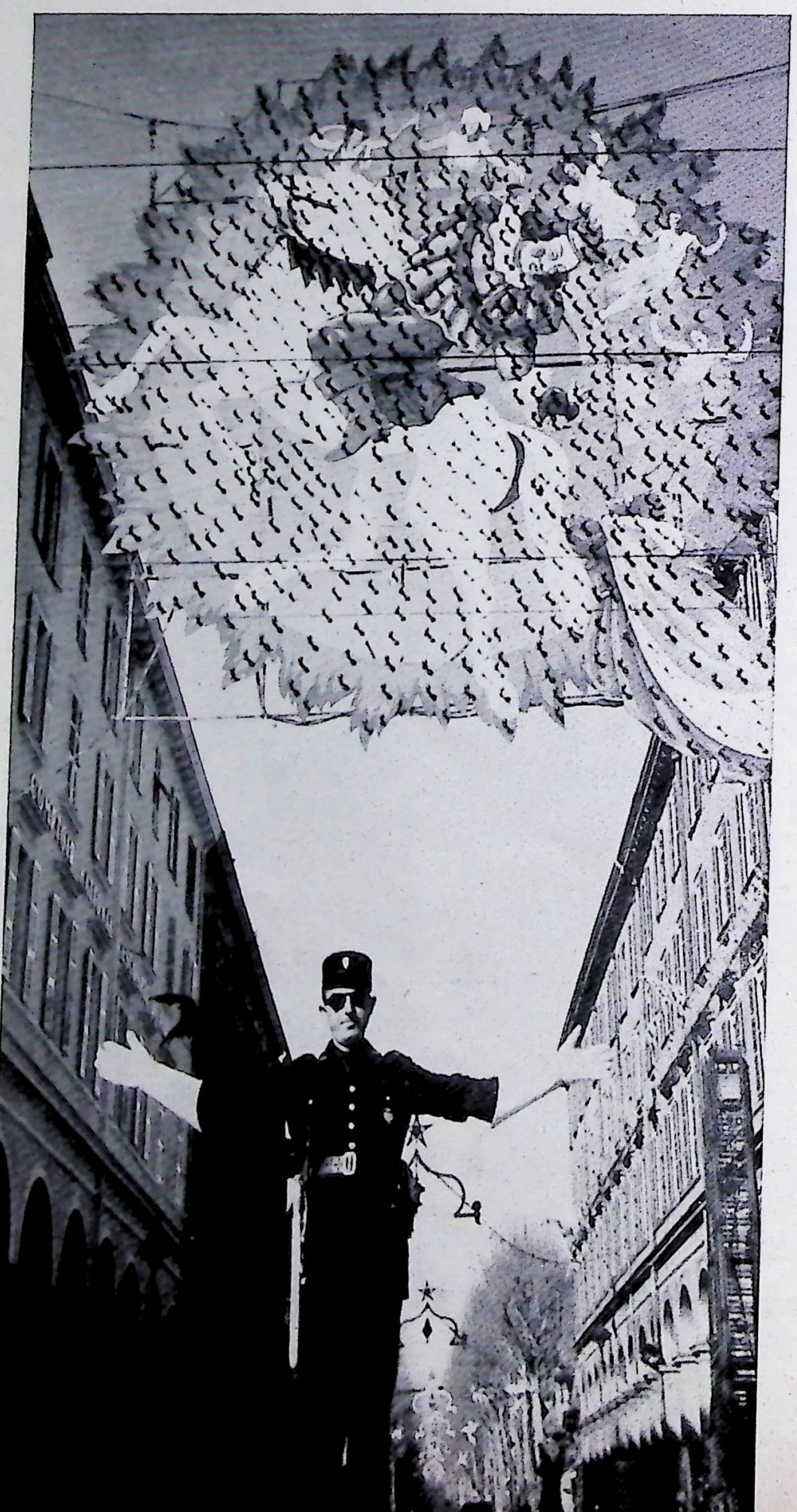
If the idea of individualism and its attendant quality of independence has been emphasized, it is because this trait would appear to be fundamental, a thread running through the varied pattern of French life and character. The corollary is that Frenchmen seem to have little social sense.

This suggestion will, no doubt, evoke an immediate protest. What! No social sense, in a country where conversation is as abundant and as rich as the wine—where the cafes are a constant invitation to meet one's fellow—where the literature, much of it so great, has as an ever-recurring theme: man in the social context?

These objections can readily be agreed to, and it might well be added that the French are a nation of moralists, though happily not moralizers. Perhaps the expression "community sense" would be more appropriate—that every member of a community bears a portion of responsibility, however varied and be it ever so small, for the proper ordering of the whole—the sort of conviction that a ship's crew may be presumed to have. It is not conspicuous in France.

If it were otherwise the citizen would surely be prepared to pay his taxes (one cannot say more willingly, for a willing taxpayer must surely be an unknown species anywhere).

Since the Frenchman, unlike the Englishman, is usually unwilling to bend the law so far as he safely can to his advantage, for fear of betraying his secret, what solution can remain but inaccuracy, and possibly an understanding with the local tax collector? There is, no doubt, the solution of making accurate returns—but who does not feel the futility of doing something which one is convinced others will not do?



In France patriotism is something which appeals to the emotion and, like emotion, may be stronger at some times than at others, but public spirit and public confidence hang together. The Frenchman tends to rely upon himself or at most upon the family—also, as a sheet anchor against political or economic storms which since 1914 he has had good reason to fear, upon his private gold reserve.

It is reliably stated that there is more gold hoarding in France than anywhere. According to a recent American estimate there may be as much as four billion dollars hidden away in France compared with 2.1 billion dollars in the rest of Europe, excluding Russia and her satellites.

There are other traits of character which could be crystallized out and examined. Thus the Frenchman is an idealist—by which I mean interested in ideas. The Frenchman is a rationalist, interested in universals. The Frenchman is a formalist—a fact which inclines him to attach much weight to clear and precise definition, to stick with litigious and justifiable satisfaction to the letter of the law and of treaties.

To generalize effectively about national characteristics is a difficult task. Insofar as it is possible to speak of a typical Frenchman, it may be pertinent here to inquire where he is most likely to be found. To that question the answer must surely be: in the provinces. Certainly the provincials, however much they may differ from each other, would agree that Paris does not represent France.

Paris is the most populous city and the richest. Paris is the center of communications, the hub of a great wheel on which roads, railways, and canals converge. When Paris fell in 1940, the problem of cross-country communications became acute. Paris—where the "strategy of interests" (to use a Balzacian phrase) is more intense than elsewhere in France and which attracts a constant flow of immigration from the provinces—seems like an elegant and attractive vampire sucking the provinces' lifeblood.

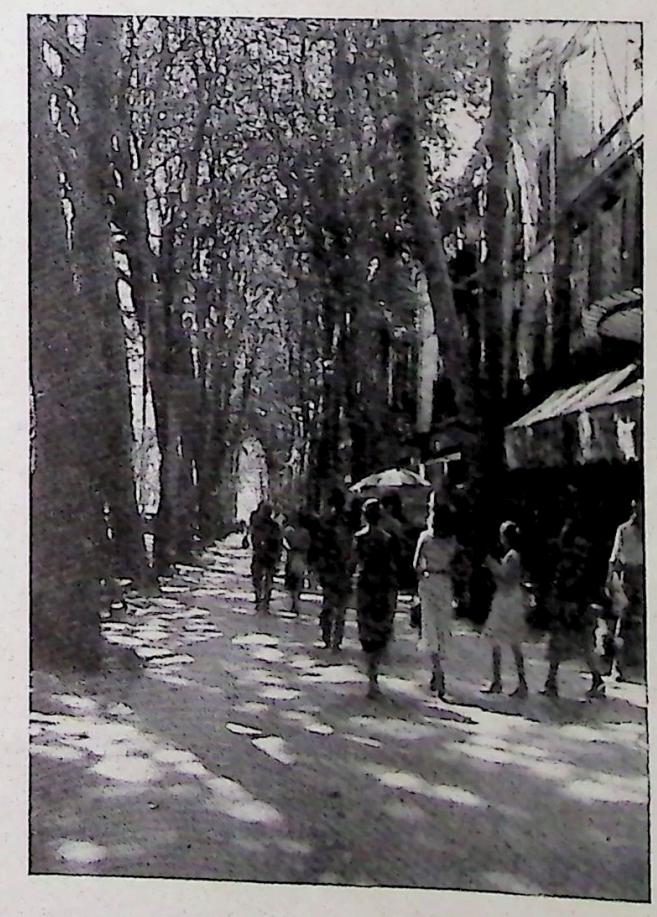
All the vigor and animation seem gathered there, leaving the provinces apparently inert. Paris has, in the eyes of all Frenchmen, the prestige which wealth and cultural pre-eminence confer. But Paris is cosmopolitan, the provinces are not. Paris shares with a few big industrial towns and ports such as Lyon, Rouen, Le Havre, Bordeaux, Marseille, an interest in world markets and export, which the provinces scarcely know.

There is in the small provincial town, where still today some of the characters from the pages of Balzac would not seem out of place, a distilled essence of the French spirit, which neither time nor change affects.

In one important field the provinces dominate Paris: internal politics. "Paris makes revolutions and France accepts them," runs an old dictum. From the French Revolution down to the Revolution of February 1848 this may have been roughly true. Certainly revolutionary movements started in Paris.

The people of Paris were politically more alive, believed themselves—in virtue of their greater, their more advanced political experience—to have the right to dictate to the provinces sunk in illiteracy and inertia. And so in 1792, in 1830, in February 1848, the Parisian populace overthrew the existing regime and set up another. From then onwards, however, the position is reversed.

Under the Third Republic the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate (particularly the latter, often called *La Chambre des Ruraux)* were the bastions of provincial France in the heart of the capitol and in a sense disliked by the latter on that account. Under the Fourth Republic though, the constitutional structure has changed—provincial France retains its preponderance. ♦



# The Art of Reading Aloud

*by Ben Graf Henneke*

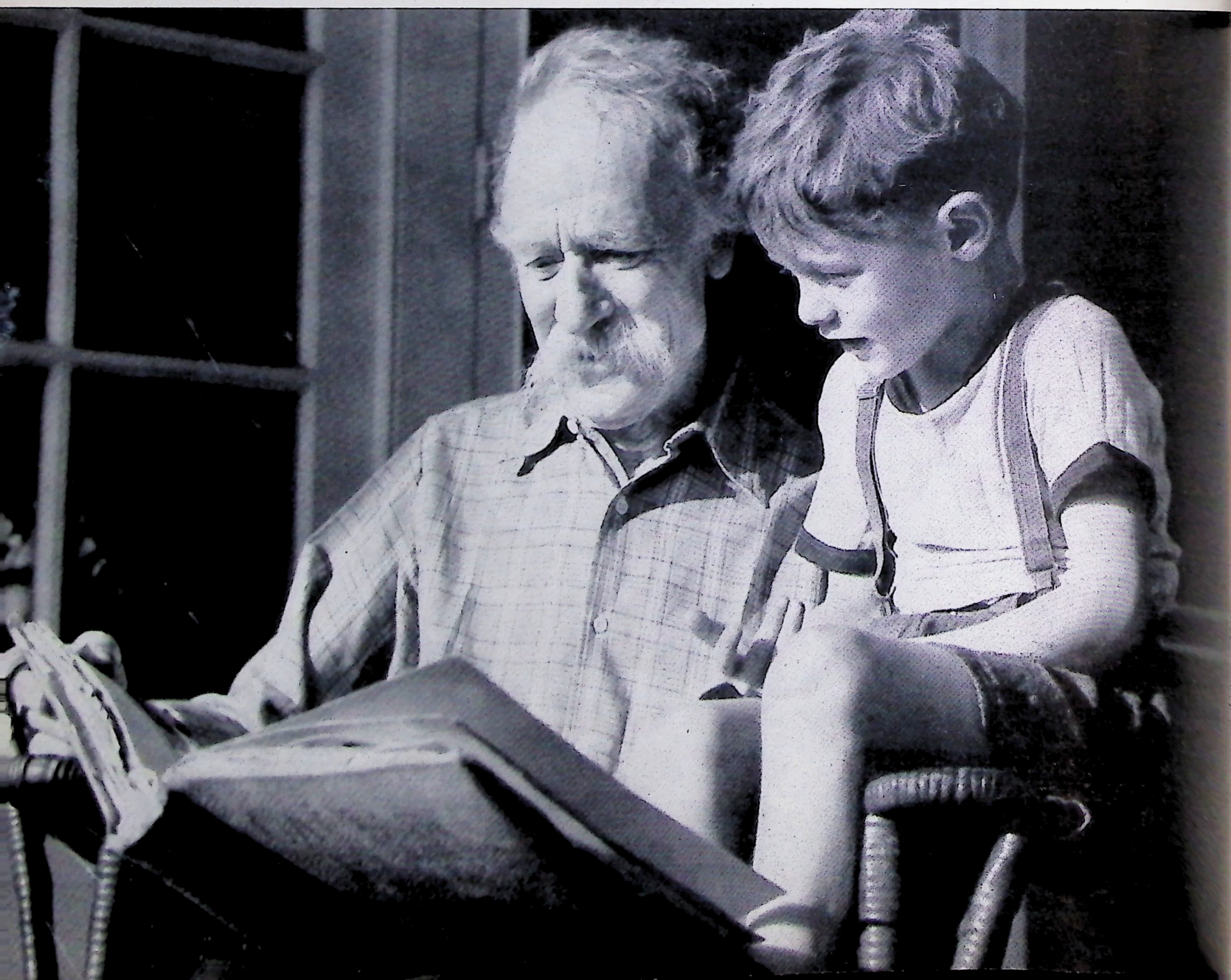
Why learn to read aloud? Chances are you'll have to. These days, nearly everyone of us is called upon to read aloud at some time or other. And since reading aloud is not "doing what comes naturally," you'll need to acquire certain skills to read aloud effectively.

Reading aloud is an ever-growing business. Charles Laughton and other professionals have turned the old pastime of reading aloud into a booming big business. But reading aloud was the concern of millions before Laughton and other entertainers capitalized on its commercial possibilities.

Who are all these people who read aloud? You've seen scientists reading papers and politicians reading speeches. You may remember that the minister leads a devotional reading. You'll remember teachers who read from texts or notes, lawyers who read depositions, businessmen who read reports, commencement speakers who read their talks.

But the largest group of people reading aloud today are parents. You may never be called upon to read a speech or formal material, but, in the normal course of things, you will be badgered into reading a story before bedtime.

You may think expertness is not necessary for reading to a child, but your greatest sense of inadequacy will come when the child says, "I don't want you to read to me; I want Mother, she doesn't mumble." True, Mother may not be much better than you at reading aloud. True, what you're reading is only "kid stuff." The material may not be important, but the act of reading aloud to children is. Reading aloud is one of the ways children share affection with their parents.



Reading aloud to children is one of the ways of teaching children about the life about them. It is one of the ways of teaching them speech and acceptable behavior patterns. It is a means of establishing wholesome moral and ethical values. In short, it is one of the most valuable preschool teaching devices.

Businessmen make up the next largest group of persons reading aloud. This has become so apparent in recent years that the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) has had written, printed, and distributed a booklet on the subject.

In nearly every department of business activity there is occasion for reading aloud. Research and technological workers read scientific papers and reports. Men engaged in sales promotion, public relations and industrial relations are all readers.

The sales-promotion man and his staff have become such expert readers they are almost actors. At a typical sales meeting they will make presentations of new products; they will read reports from science, industry, and government affecting possible sales; they will demonstrate selling techniques.

The public-relations and industrial-relations men are no less effective in their presentations. Because their functions so often overlap in business today, they will be considered together. New products, new lines, new models all come on the market today in presentations. New merchandise is given especially organized and staged public showings. New plants, new buildings, new techniques are given similar public showings. Industries in Youngstown, Ohio, and Houston, Texas – to name only two cities – hold public training programs for opinion leaders. Teachers, clergymen, doctors and lawyers are taken on especially planned business tours where they witness one demonstration after another.

New employees are informed of safety measures, company progress and plans, economic trends and government actions in especially prepared programs. In every instance skillful reading aloud animates the presentation.

The businessman whose work is management finds that one of his biggest jobs is communication. He has become a reader of papers on departmental structure and function; a reader of reports to stockholders, suppliers, merchandisers, and employees. Because of his position, he is also a public figure, called upon to read statements and papers to widely divergent groups on a variety of topics.

At any time, any of these businessmen may be asked to present opinions, advice or testimony before government agencies. The businessman has become a speaker whether he wanted to be one or not. He has become a reader because of the need for compression and accuracy.

Politicians make up another large group of oral readers. Many were readers before the advent of mass communications, but nearly all of them are today. Since most campaign speeches are filmed, broadcast and televised and the time is purchased by the candidate's party and backers, he prepares, times and follows a manuscript.

Should the politician win office, he continues to be a reader. He now reads statements into the record; he reads testimony, depositions, bills and speeches. He makes prepared statements on legislation and policy. No matter what the occasion, from campaigning to officeholding, the politician is a reader because of the contemporary demands for accuracy, timing and talk.

Unfortunately, many people who read aloud do it badly; relatively few do it effectively. We have all heard the shy and mumbling scientist, the inarticulate teacher, the strangled minister, the droning businessman, the "punchy" announcer and the bad actor.

Reading aloud effectively can be learned. Reading aloud is just another form of communication and, like all communication, it has as its goal complete response by the listener to the speaker's words.

We talk because we want something. We may want an object, or companionship, or guidance or help, or we may want to give instruction or companionship. Since we are human beings, we make our wants known through speech. Don Marquis put it this way:

"All religion, all life, all art, all expression come down to this: to the effort of the human soul to break through its barrier of loneliness, of intolerable loneliness, and make some contact with another seeking soul, or with what all souls seek, which is (by any name) God." ♦

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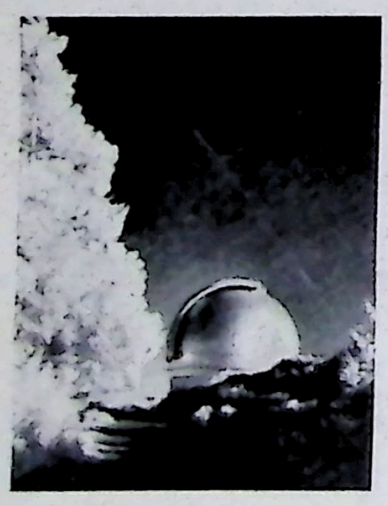

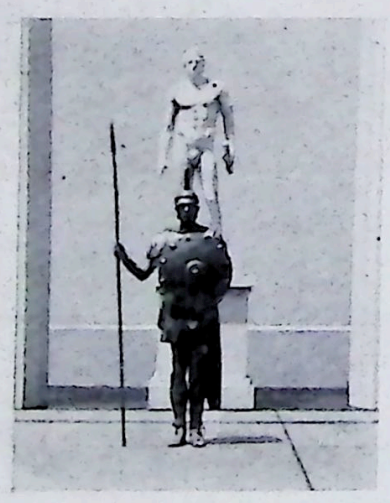

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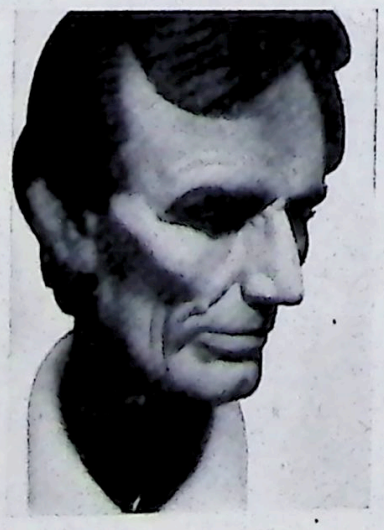


WISDOM MAGAZINE 8800 Wilshire Boulevard / Beverly Hills, California

# JOHN DEWEY: *public thinker*

*by Irwin Edman*

It was not until my graduate study that I came to know John Dewey. I admit the first lecture was quite a shock, a shock of dullness and confusion, if that can be said. It was at any rate a disappointment. I had not found Dewey's prose easy, but I had learned that its difficulty lay for the most part in its intellectual honesty, which led him to qualify an idea in one sentence half-a-page long.

In part also it lay in the fact that this profoundly original philosopher was struggling to find a vocabulary to say what had never been said in philosophy before, to find a diction that would express with exactness the reality of change and novelty, philosophical words having been used for centuries to express the absolute and the fixed.

I had found here, as have so many of my generation, a philosophy that, instead of laying down a diagram of an ideal universe that had nothing to do with the one of actual human doings and sufferings, opened a vision of conscious control of life, of a democracy operating through creative intelligence in the liberation of human capacities and natural goods.

In *How We Think* I had learned that thinking itself was simply a discipline of the animal habit of trial and error, and of the possible human habit of imagination and foresight.

In *Demoracy and Education* I had gathered that it was not in the forms of democratic government that true democracy lay, but in the substance of intelligent cooperation, largely dependent on education. Dewey was not easy, but once one had mastered his syntax a vision of a liberal and liberated commonwealth was one's reward and a philosophy that was not only a vision but a challenge.

Intellectual excitment was the last term to describe what I experienced that September afternoon. The course came, in the first place, directly after lunch. It was well attended. There were even some fashionably dressed society ladies for Dewey had become a vogue. But this famous philosopher who had written so much on " Interest in Education," as the essence of the educational process, could not, save by a radical distortion of the term, be said at first hearing to sound interesting.

He had none of the usual tricks or gifts of the effective lecturer. He sat at his desk, fumbling with a few crumpled yellow sheets and looking abstractedly out of the window. He spoke very slowly in a Vermont drawl. He looked both very kindly and very abstracted. He hardly seemed aware of the presence of a class. He took little pains to underline a phrase, or emphasize a point, or, so at first it seemed to me, to make any.

Occasionally he would apparently realize that people in the back of the room might not hear his quiet voice. He would then accent the next word, as likely as not a preposition or a conjunction. He seemed to be saying whatever came into his head next and at one o'clock on an autumn afternoon to at least one undergraduate what came next did not always have or seem to have a very clear connection with what had just gone before.

The end of the hour finally came and he simply stopped. It seemed to me he might have stopped anywhere. But I soon found that it was my mind that had wandered, not John Dewey's. I began very soon to do what I had seldom done in college courses—to take notes. It was then a remarkable discovery to make on looking over my notes to find that what had seemed so casual, so rambling, so unexciting, was of an extraordinary coherence, texture, and brilliance.

I had been listening not to the semi-theatrical repetition of a discourse many times made—a fairly accurate description of many academic lectures—I had been listening to a man actually *thinking*.

As one became accustomed to Dewey's technique, it was this last aspect of his teaching that was most impressive—and educative.

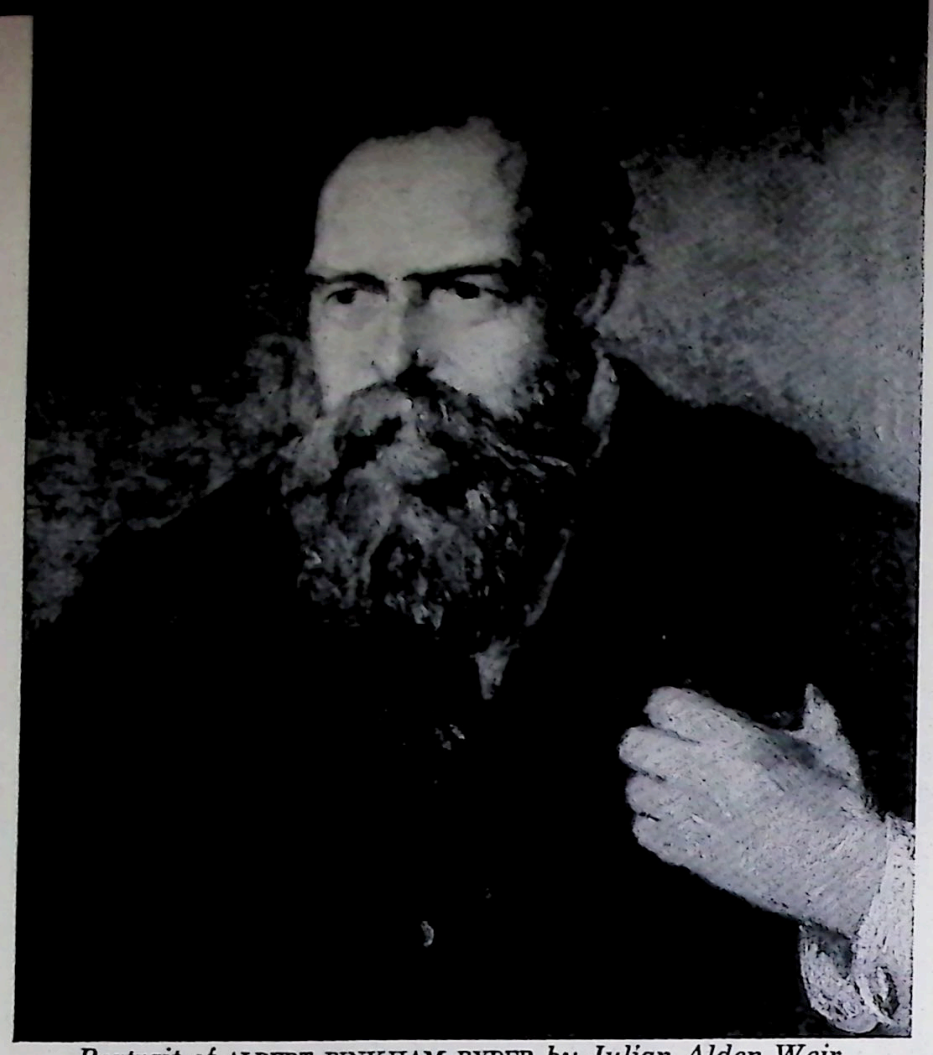
Those pauses were delays in creative thinking, when the next step was really being considered and for the glib dramatics of the teacher-actor was substituted the enterprise, careful and candid, of the genuine thinker. Those hours came to seem the most arresting educational experiences, almost, I have ever had. One had to be scrupulously attentive and one learned to be so. Not every day or in every teacher does one overhear the palpable processes of thought.

One instance of Dewey's frankness comes to my mind. There was among the group a young lady who had come from England where she had studied philosophy with Bertrand Russell at Cambridge. She listened patiently for weeks to Dewey's varied insistence that the truth of an idea was tested by its use.

One day she burst out toward the close of the seminar in the sharp, clipped speech of the educated Englishwomen: "But, professor, I have been taught to believe that true means true; that false means false, that good means good and bad means bad; I don't understand all this talk about more or less true, more or less good. Could you explain more exactly?"

Professor Dewey looked at her mildly for a moment and said: "Let me tell you a parable. Once upon a time in Philadelphia there was a paranoiac. He thought he was dead. Nobody could convince him he was alive. Finally, one of the doctors thought of an ingenious idea. He pricked the patient's finger. 'Now,' he said, 'are you dead?' 'Sure,' said the paranoiac, 'that proves that dead men bleed..' Now I'll say true or false if you want me to, but I'll mean better or worse."

There are all kinds of talents that go to make up a great teacher. Among those not commonly noted in the textbooks are simplicity and candor. These qualities in Dewey even an undergraduate could recognize and understand. ♦



*Portrait of* ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER *by Julian Alden Weir*

# PINKIE RYDER

## *America's Master Painter*

*by Thomas Craven*

The greatest of American painters was descended from a long line of Cape Cod folk—mechanics, shopkeepers and seafaring men. His ancestors were typical Yankees, taciturn, narrow-minded, God fearing, and undistinguished. His father, a petty—customshouse official and fuel dealer, belonged to an offshoot of Wesleyan zealots who dressed and behaved like Quakers.

Pinkie, as the youngest of four sons was nicknamed, inherited a large measure of traditional piety, but oddly enough, piety blended with extreme gentleness, tolerance, and good will. Pinkie Ryder, having no practical ambitions, submitted to the dismal routine of the New Bedford grammar school, but his academic education was suddenly curtailed by a severe attack of vaccine poisoning. The illness weakened his eyes and troubled him throughout his life.

At an early age, this large-framed, smiling, silent boy began to draw. He believed that he had a great work to perform and approached the task with religious fervor, with the passionate faith which, in violent form, harrowed the soul of Vincent Van Gogh. There was more than a little of New England transcendentalism in Albert Ryder, but his spiritual struggles were regulated by good sense and humanized by the happy realities of life.

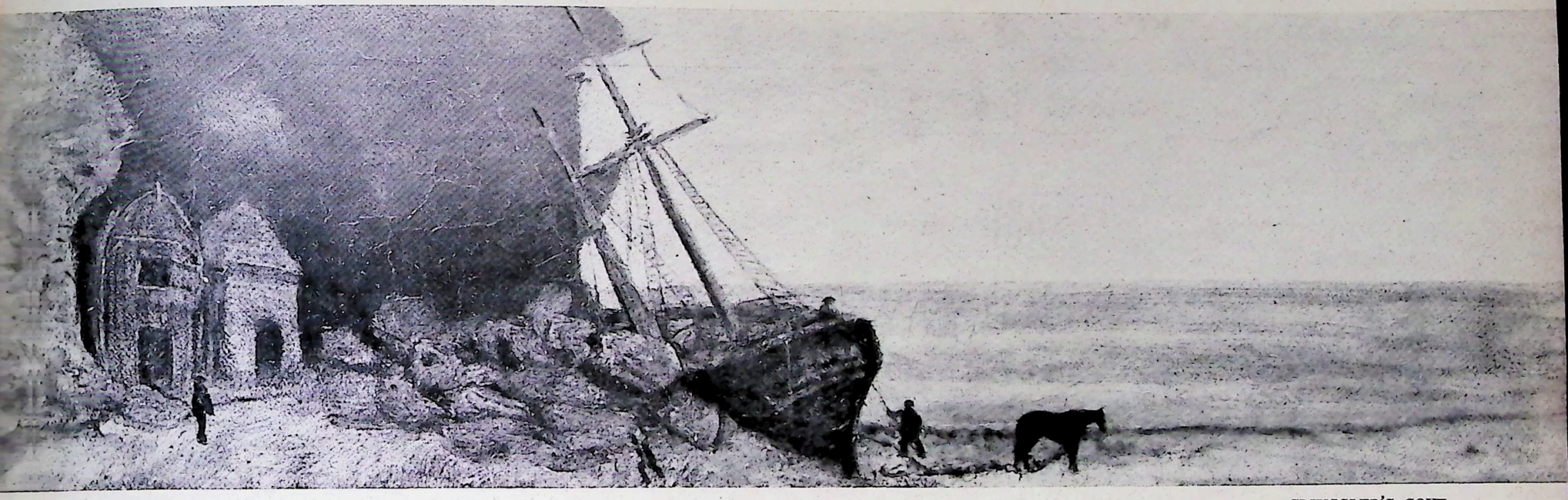
The elder Ryder was baffled, but to his credit, acquiesced in his son's queer proceedings. When informed by an artist that Pinkie possessed a unique talent, he exclaimed, "I don't know! I'm glad if you think so! I don't understand him!" In the studio of a local painter named Sherman, young Ryder was apprenticed to the drudgery of copying poor engravings of the Old Masters. After a while, without any sign of remonstrance, he quietly threw his worthless efforts aside and pursued his own course, painting from nature and experimenting with color.

"As I worked," he wrote later on, "I saw that it was good and clean and strong. I saw nature springing to life upon my dead canvas. It was better than nature, for it was vibrating with the thrill of a new creation."

Ryder's attitude toward life was fixed at an age when most boys are irresponsible savages. From his solitary habits it has frequently been assumed that he was indifferent to the ordinary affairs of the world. It is true that he was alone the greater part of the time, but his work demanded it.

Above all he loved the sea—the majesty and terror of the Atlantic, the procession of whalers that rode proudly into the harbor. The sea was in his blood. New Bedford was a tough and boisterous town, the rendezvous of smugglers and the pleasure ground of hundreds of sailors who affectionately called it the

THE BRIDGE



SMUGGLER'S COVE

bawdy house of America. Ryder observed the swaggering effrontery of those reckless fellows, some of whom were his kinsmen. They made a great show of themselves and bragged gloriously of their deeds to their hired wenches.

The young artist noted the fact and smiled. He watched the ships put out to sea and months later awaited their return. Some of them never came back. He noted that too, but found it hard to smile. He was constantly haunted by the terror of the waves, by the mystery of the cradle endlessly rocking. Again and again he painted the sea—in *The Flying Dutchman, The Smuggler, The Wreck, Pirate's Isle, Jonah and the Whale, The Lorelei*—but always in its tragic moods, always to emphasize the pitiable insignificance of man.

Sometimes, in a more poetic mood, he created a fabulous drama of sinister waters, opaque as slate and crossed with wane lights, but even here, in the small sketchy figures, one catches the inescapable cry of human anguish. However symbolical the sea became with him, however deeply he strove to make it the emblem of the mysterious forces of life, he invariably painted it as a hard reality, as the destructive agency that had awed and fascinated him as a boy in New Bedford.

In his native town Ryder was perfectly content. At his feet lay the subject matter that interested him most, and he was slowly learning to put his experiences into intelligible form. But his father's business dwindled away and the family sadly departed for New York in a final stand against poverty.

The painter was then in his early twenties, without means of support and not in the least perturbed by his indigence. Few painters have possessed his iron conviction, and few, if any, have borne themselves with such quiet dignity and fine masculine honor. For more than ten years he was dependent on his brother, resolved to have his say as an artist rather than follow a trade.

New York afforded Ryder all that his soul desired. "A raintight roof, frugal living, a box of colors, and God's sunlight through clear windows keep the soul attuned and the body vigorous for one's daily work." This was his credo and his answer to painters advising him to travel. From the day of his arrival till his death in 1917, except for a flying visit to New Bedford, he seems to have left the city but twice, his attachment reminding us of Blake's devotion to London.

His first venture was a voyage to England as a guest of his friend Captain Robinson, from whose account we learn that the artist spent most of his time observing clouds or trying to paint while stretched out on the floor of his cabin. In the summer of 1903, he

SIEGFRIED AND THE RHINE MAIDENS

traveled through Europe with Warner, the sculptor, but the Continent made little impression on him and he was glad to return.

Ryder's life was devoid of excesses and external adventures. His best work was done between the years 1875 and 1898 in an attic room on Fifteenth Street. Here, in a strong south light, amid dirt and disorder contrasting strangely with his pictures and the cast of a Greek head, he labored with his imaginings. He took life as he found it and made no effort to reform, astonish or conquer the world.

At rare intervals—mainly because it took him so long to finish anything—he sold a canvas and his income therefrom was enough for his meager wants. In one unlucky hour of prosperity he moved to better quarters in Washington Square, but could not accommodate himself to luxuries and soon returned to his old nook.

His painting garb was a sailor's blouse and overalls, but on the street he was a correctly groomed gentleman of the old school, with a silk hat, frock coat and gold-headed cane. His habits were as simple and almost as regular of those of Immanuel Kant. At the close of his day's work he would go down to the Battery to study the ships, sometimes sketching the harbor from the decks of ships commanded by his friends. At nightfall he would walk back to his room, cook his dinner, and read or paint again. He was fond of music and occasionally attended concerts alone.

He loved to "soak in the moonlight," as he said, and on clear nights would walk for hours in the parks or the Jersey woods. On his excursions into lower Manhattan he strolled through some of the vilest parts of the city—the Bowery in those days was gang-ridden and dangerous—but he was never molested. "People aren't so bad as they are supposed to be," he remarked.

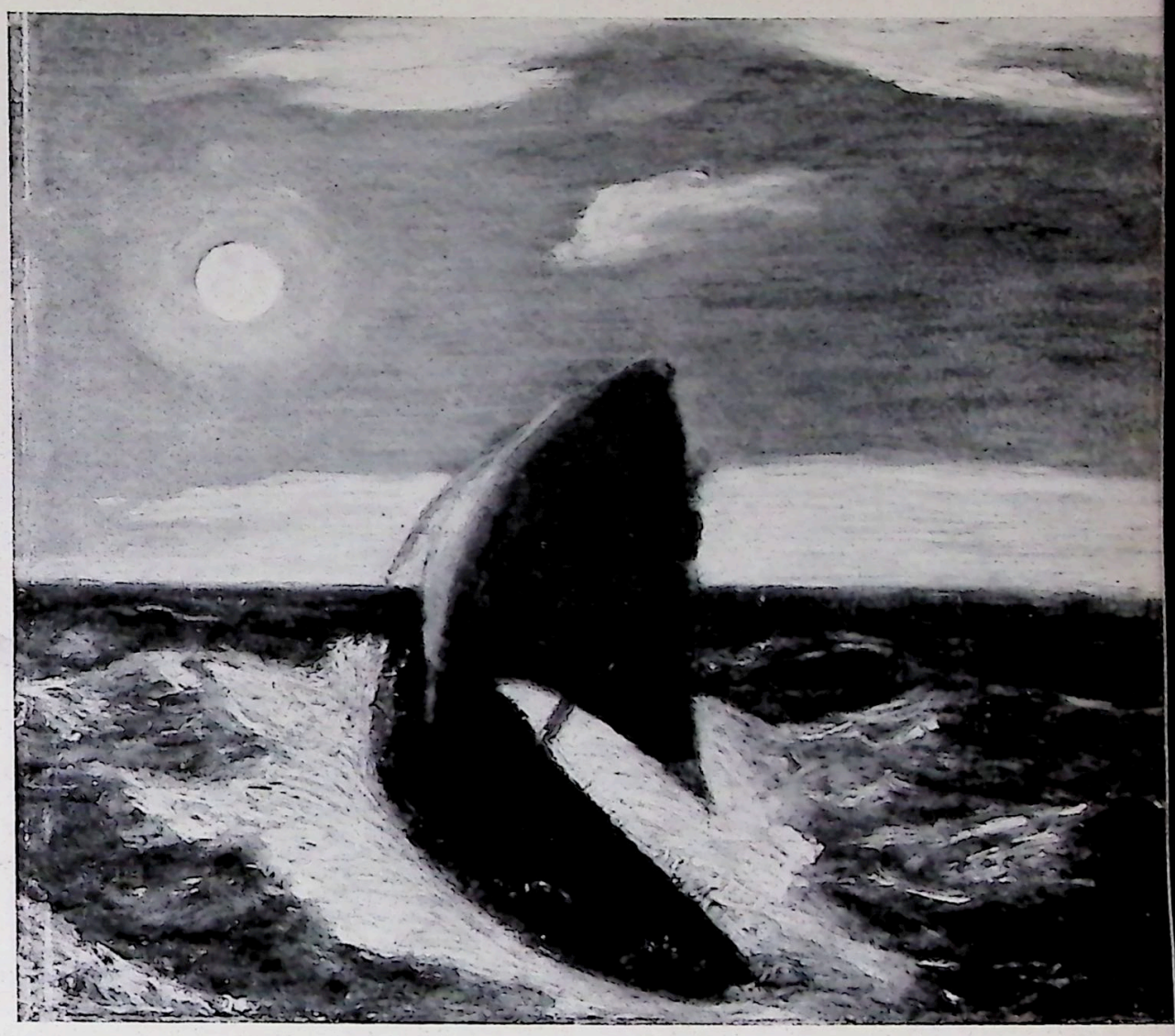
During the last decade he was incapable of original work and devoted himself to finishing or repainting old ideas. In 1915, after a severe illness, he was taken to Elmhurst, Long Island, where he lingered on for two years more under the care of friends.

It is consistent with the restricted scope of Ryder's genius that he should not have been greatly productive, that is, in the manner of Rembrandt and Turner whose creative powers were stimulated by an endless variety of experiences. His contribution to American art consists of fewer than 150 small pictures. He painted exclusively in oils and carefully destroyed all preliminary studies.

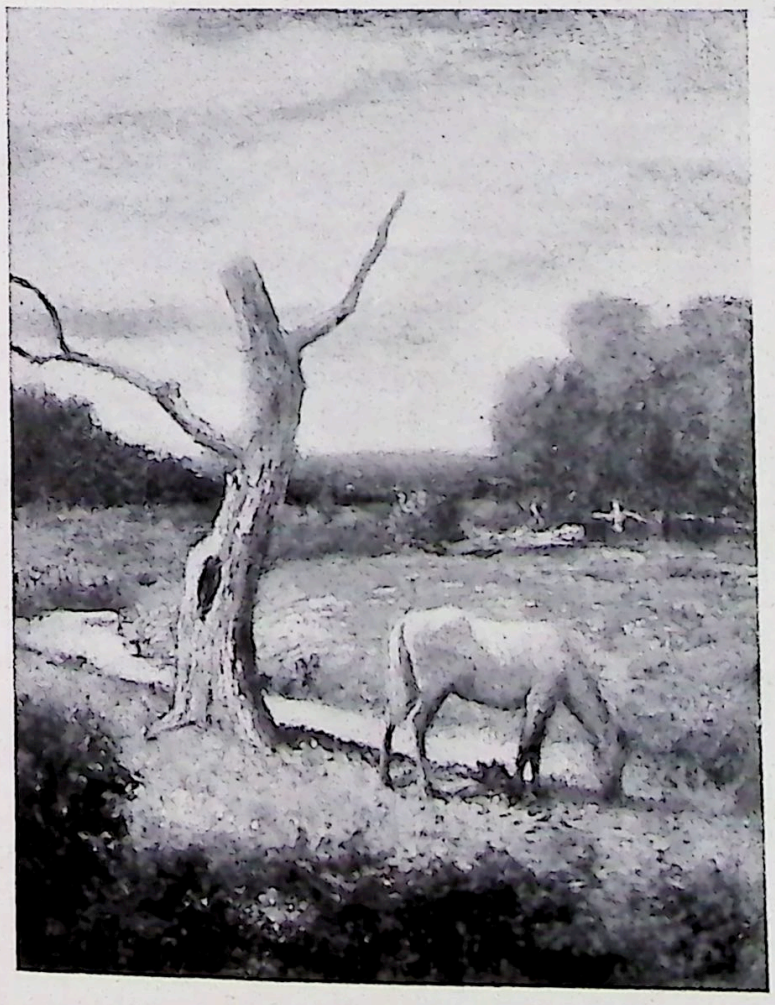
He cared nothing for drawings and unfinished canvases; and it is precisely the completion of his work, the perfect realization of his ideas, that transforms the encrustation of pigments on a piece of linen measuring 15 by 20 inches into vibrant, haunting reality. Unfortunately, owing to his singular painting habits, many of his canvases are in bad condition. He used inferior pigments and cheap varnishes. Worst of all, he would spread thick patches of color over a ground that was not thoroughly dry and the unequal contraction of the two layers has resulted in cracks and fissures. His palette is a somber scale of grays, neutral blues and greens, and siennas, but his surfaces, glazed again and again with transparent colors, shine out with the hard brilliancy of enamels.

Ryder called himself a dreamer, and such perhaps he was; but let us not confuse his dreams with wish-fulfillments or the manias of neurotics who resort to the "substitutive gratifications" of art—the "fantasy-pleasures" of Freud—as compensation for frustrated desires. No man, not even Corot, was happier or healthier in his life and in his work.

He was, in the things that appealed to him, a sharp observer. In his most visionary pictures the fantasy subject is submerged in his love for and his knowledge of ships, barnyards and rocky coves. Upon this solid objective foundation he builds his dream which is, after all, his visionary penetration—his glimpse into the world beyond the world—which invests his New England themes with a magical or supernatural quality. ♦



TOILERS OF THE SEA



AUTUMN MEADOW

# MAN the conqueror of TIME

*by Rollo May*

Man does not live by the clock alone. One of the unique characteristics of man is that he can stand outside his present time and imagine himself ahead in the future or back in the past.

This power to "look before and after" is part of man's ability to be conscious of himself. Plants and animals live by quantitative time: an hour, a week, or a year past and the tree has another ring on its trunk. But time is a quite different thing for human beings. Man is the time-surmounting mammal.

His time depends on the significance of the event. Yesterday, let us say, a young man spent an hour traveling on the subway each way to his work, eight hours on his relatively uninteresting job, ten minutes after work talking to a girl he has recently fallen in love with and dreams of marrying and two hours in the evening at an adult education class.

Today he remembers nothing of the two hours on the subway—it was an entirely empty experience and he, as is the practice of many people, had closed his eyes and tried to sleep, that is to suspend time until the trip was over. The eight hours on the job made only a little impression on him. Of the evening class he can recall a little more. But the ten minutes with the girl occupies him most of all...That is to say, the ten minutes with the girl takes up more "room-space" than 20 hours in the rest of the day. Psychological time is not the sheer passage of time as such, but the meaning of the experience—that is, what is significant for the person's hopes, anxiety, growth.

Man is always part-and-parcel of the natural world, involved in nature at every point. We will rarely live over 70 or 80 years no matter what we think about it. We get old or we get tired if we work too long at a stretch and we cannot escape the necessity of being realistic about the clock and calendar. Man dies like every other form of life. But he is the animal who knows it and can foresee his death. By being aware of time, he can control and use it in certain ways.

The more a person is able to direct his life consciously, the more he can use time for constructive benefits..."A man who lives intensely really lives," as E. E. Cummings says, "but a man who lives to be 120 doesn't necessarily live at all. You say 'I lived a whole lifetime in a moment'—a cliché that's true and, vice versa, one takes a long train ride and it's a bore. You read detective stories to kill time. If time were any good why kill it?"

Some of the anxiety on the "time is running out" theme in our day comes from something deeper than the threat of imminent war or of the H-bomb. For the passage of time in any age has the power to frighten the human being. A dog does not worry that another month or year has passed, but many people are caught up short when they think of it. They may feel that time is their archenemy, like that horrible picture of death as the grim reaper. Or they sigh with relief when they say, "Time is on our side."

The most obvious example of how people are frightened by time is their fear of growing older. I think it was C. G. Jung who said, accurately enough, that a person is afraid of growing old to the extent that he is not really living now. Hence it follows that the best way to meet the anxiety about growing old is to make sure one at the moment is fully alive.

But, even more significantly, people are afraid of time because, like being alone, it raises the specter of emptiness, of the frightening "void." On the everyday level this is shown in the fear of boredom. "Man," Erich Fromm has said, "is the only animal who can be bored"—and in this short sentence lies great import. Boredom is the "occupational disease" of being human.

It is interesting that when we are bored, we tend to go to sleep—that is, to blot out consciousness and become as nearly "extinct" as possible. Every human being experiences some boredom. A great deal of one's work, for example, must be gone through more or less by routine. But it becomes unendurable only when it has not been freely chosen or affirmed by one's self as necessary for the attainment of some greater goal.

One of the neurotic, unconstructive ways of using one's capacity to be aware of time is to postpone living... Many persons tend, when facing some problem in their present life, to remind themselves that "things will go better when I am married," or "when I graduate from college," or "when I get a new job."

Indeed many people react automatically to feelings of unhappiness or ennui or purposelessness by turning their minds away from the present to the future with the question, "What pleasant thing do I have to look forward to?" Then "hope" for the future actually deadens the present. But hope need not be used in this "opiate" form. Hope in its creative and healthy sense—whether it is hope for religious fulfillment or for a happy marriage or for achievement in one's profession—can and should be an energizing attitude.

The first thing necessary for a constructive dealing with time is to learn to live in the reality of the present moment. For psychologically speaking, this present moment is all we have... It is by no means easy to live in the immediate present. It requires a high degree of awareness of one's self as an experiencing "I."

The less one is conscious of himself as the one who acts, the less he will be aware of the immediate present. As one person who was trying to avoid boredom in a meaningless routine job described it, "I work as though I were someone else, not myself." In such situations we feel as though we were "a million miles away" from what we are doing, acting as though in a "daze" or as though in a dream or "half asleep" or as though there were a wall between one's self and the present. But the more awareness one has—that is, the more he experiences himself as the acting, directing agent in what he is doing—the more alive he will be and the more responsive to the present moment.

The man who has quarreled with his wife can talk of his mother with relief, but to consider the quarrel with his wife sooner or later entails the question of what he proposes to do about it?

It is easier to dream of "when I get married" than to face the question, "Why don't I do something about my social life now?"; simpler to muse of "my future job when I get out of college" than to ask why one's studies are not more vital at the moment and what are one's motives for being in college anyway.

The most effective way to ensure the value of the future, as we have mentioned, is to confront the present courageously and constructively. For the future is born out of and made by the present.

On the deepest level, the question of which age we live in is irrelevant. The basic question is how the individual, in his own awareness of himself and the period he lives in, is able through his decisions to attain inner freedom and to live according to his own inner integrity. Whether we live in the Renaissance, or in thirteenth-century France, or at the time of the fall of Rome, we are part-and-parcel of our age in every respect—its wars, its economic conflicts, its anxiety, its achievement.

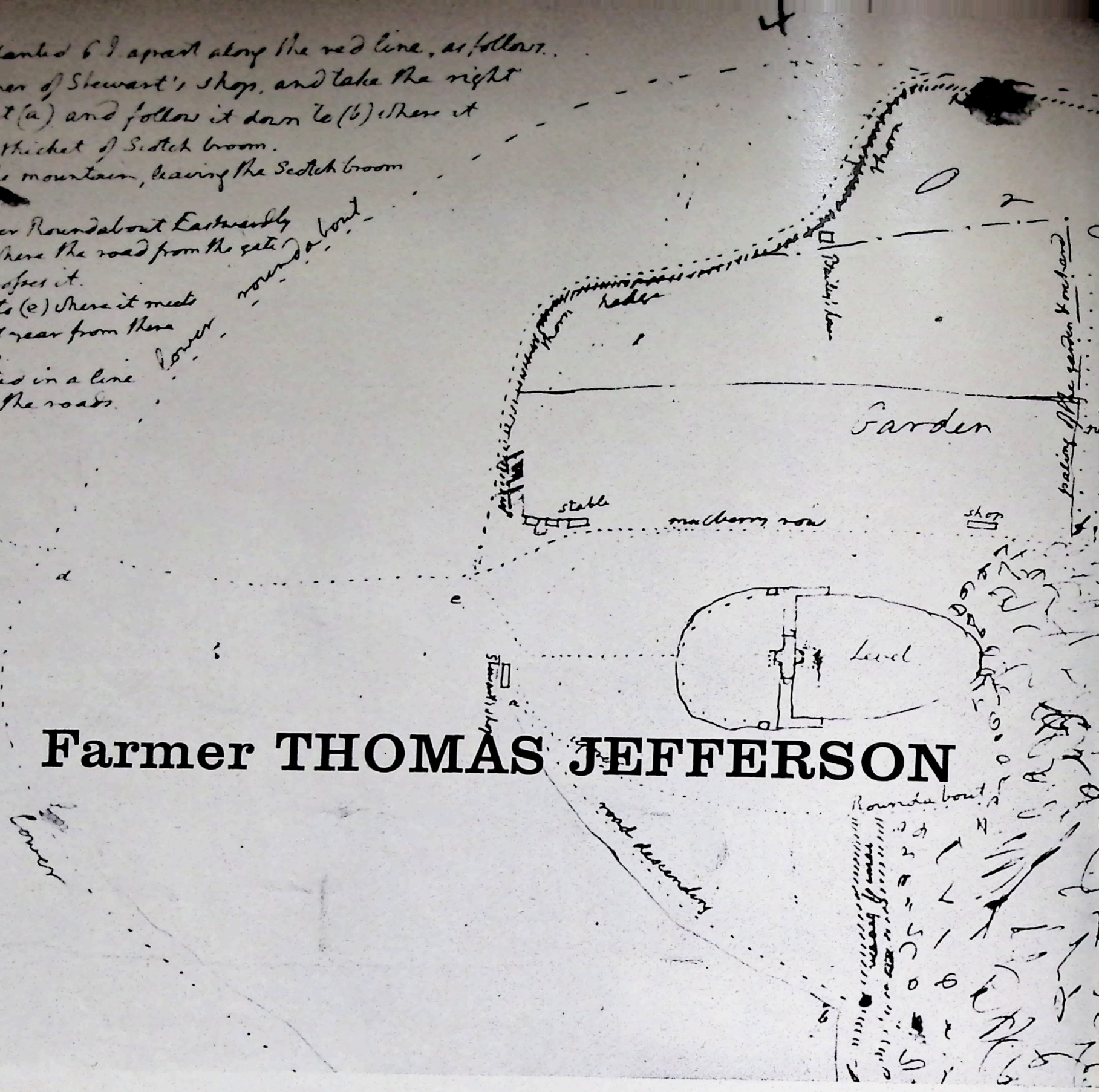
But no "well-integrated" society can perform for the individual, or relieve him from, his task of achieving self-consciousness and the capacity for making his own choices responsibly. And no traumatic world situation can rob the individual of the privilege of making the final decision with regard to himself, even if it is only to affirm his own fate.

On the more profound level, each individual must come to his own consciousness of himself and he does this on a level which transcends the particular age he lives in. The same holds true for one's chronological age. The important issue is not whether a person is 20 or 40 or 60. It rather is whether he fulfills his own capacity of self-conscious choice at his particular level of development.

The statement of the person of 20 who says, "I will begin to live when I am 35" is as falsely based as the one who, at 40 or 50, laments, "I cannot live because I have lost my youth." Interestingly enough, one generally finds on closer inspection that this is the same person, that the one who makes that lament at 50 was postponing living also at 20.

Thus the person who can die courageously at 30—who has attained a degree of freedom and differentiation that he can face courageously the necessity of giving up his life—is more mature than the person who on his deathbed at 80 cringes and begs still to be shielded from reality.

The practical implication is that one's goal is to live each moment with freedom, honesty and responsibility. In this way one experiences the joy and gratification that accompany fulfilling one's own nature. ♦


The thorns are to be planted 6 I. apart along the red line, as follows.
beginning at the N.W. corner of Stewart's shop, and take the right
hand descending road at (a) and follow it down to (b) where it
enters a double row or thicket of Scotch broom.
Then go directly down the mountain, leaving the Scotch broom
on the left to (c)
Then turn along the lower Roundabout Eastwardly
following it to (d) where the road from the gate
up the mountain crosses it.
Then go up that road to (e) where it meets
a hedge planted last year from there
up to Stewart's shop.
Let the thorns be planted in a line
always 20 f from the roads.
Gate
a
b
c
d
e
Garden
stable
shop
Level
Roundabout

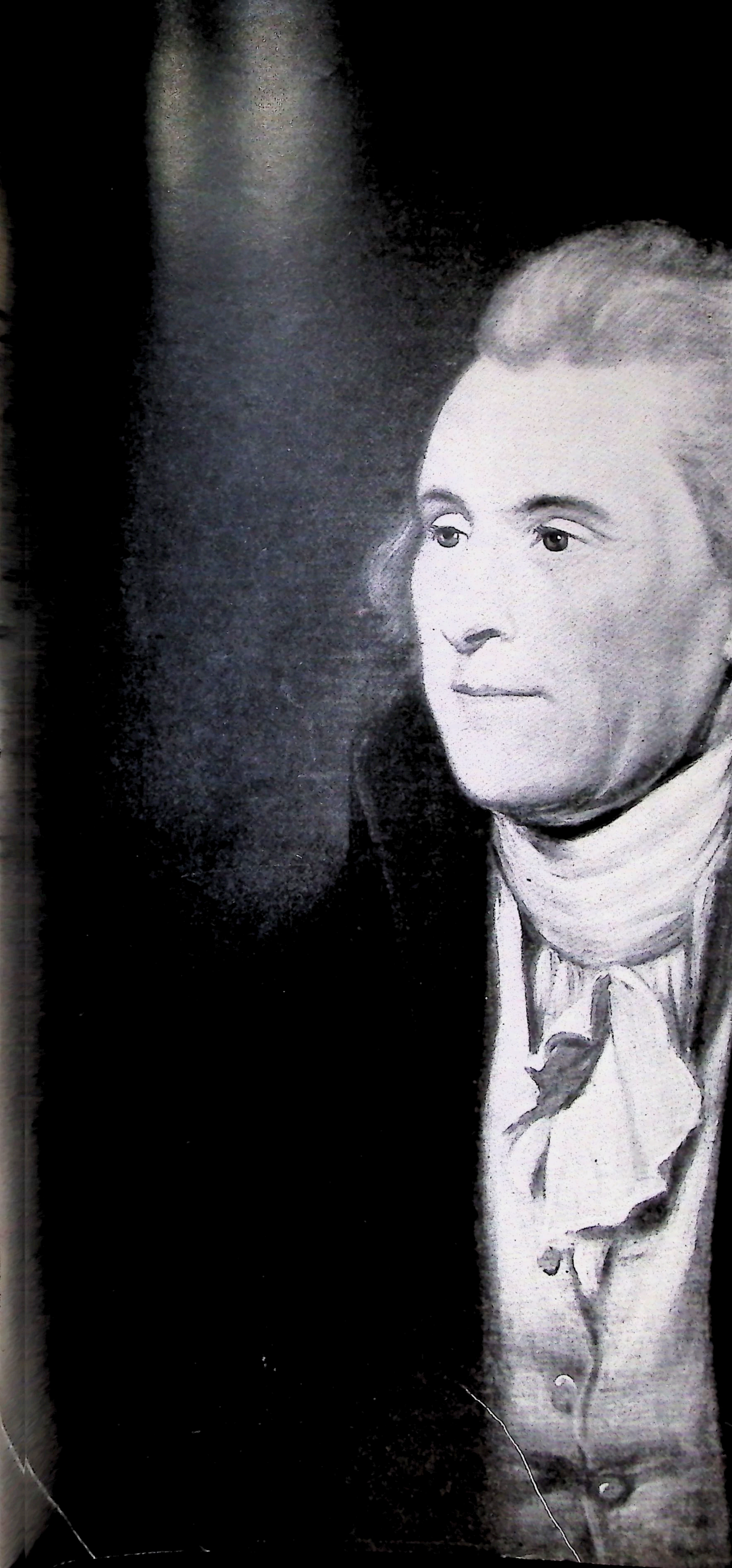
# Farmer THOMAS JEFFERSON

*by Francis L. Berkeley, Jr.*

"I am going to Virginia. I have at length become able to fix that to the beginning of the new year," Jefferson wrote, late in 1793. "I am then to be liberated from the hated occupations of politics, and to remain in the bosom of my family, my farm, and my books. I have my house to build, my fields to farm, and to watch for the happiness of those who labor for mine."

A few months later, soon after his fiftieth birthday, he reported (incredibly) that he was encouraging himself to grow lazy. "I return to farming," he wrote John Adams, "with an ardor which I scarcely knew in my youth, and which has got the better entirely of my love of study. Instead of writing 10 or 12 letters a day, which I have been in the habit of doing as a thing of course, I put off answering my letters now, farmer-like, till a rainy day, and then find it sometimes postponed by other necessary occupations."

The master of Monticello, who found the governance of others distasteful, governed himself with severity. His *Epistolary Record*, in which he made daily entry of letters written and received, shows



*Monticello's rear entrance shows the superb beauty of the estate.*

a small decrease in his correspondence following his resignation from President Washington's cabinet. Other records attest his continuing industry.

If ostentation was foreign to him, so was familiarity. No one ventured to take liberties with the tall, spare, erect gentleman, who reminded his overseer of a race horse in training. His emotions were private and deep.

Twentieth-century makers of Christmas cards have produced some attractive facsimiles of Yuletide greetings from George Washington and other contemporaries, but they have searched in vain for a casual allusion to Christmas by Jefferson. In all his many thousands of letters, not even such a phrase as "compliments of the season" has rewarded their efforts.

That festival of mirth and frivolity among his Virginia neighbors was regularly occupied by Jefferson with routine tasks and study, with recording thermometer, hygrometer, and barometer readings, and with hours of painstaking writing.

But in 1794, when he believed that he had quitted public life forever, just as in 1810, when he had in fact done so, he exhibited not only relief at his escape from onerous duties but joy over the return to his own soil. He was not by nature a melancholy man and he was never so buoyed with optimism as when on his own farm.

He must have felt wonderfully in harmony with his world in the spring and summer days of 1794, when he walked and rode through his farms, vineyards, gardens, and orchards, laying ambitious plans for the restoration of his long-neglected lands. He habitually sang as he went, not the melodies chanted by his servants at work, but the more sophisticated music of Italy and France, which he and his daughters would play together during the lengthening evenings in the beautiful house he was remodeling at Monticello. And it was in the wheat fields, happily supervising the harvesting of his grain, that La Rouchefoucauld found him in the summer of a pastoral year.

Jefferson believed, in 1794, that his long years as an absentee landlord were over. He did not foresee the dozen years he was to spend later as vice-president of the Republic, as creator of a new political party, and as a two-term president. But for what turned out to be at least a longer-than-normal interlude, Jefferson set himself to apply in personal management on his own farms the results of half a lifetime of study and experimentation as an agricultural theorist. The letters and notes he left to posterity, the mechanical models he designed and made, record his contributions to scientific agriculture.

Farmers he believed were the "chosen people of God"—persons "whose breasts he has made his peculiar deposit for substantial and genuine virtue... the focus in which he keeps alive that sacred fire which otherwise might escape from the face of the earth."

It has been suggested that Jefferson loved democracy because it gave free expression to farmers, but he himself always argued that the establishment and survival of democracy depended on peopling the land predominantly with farmers.

After the destruction of our commerce by the French and the British in the closing years of the century, he altered both theory and practice to conform to new realities. For the remainder of his life he strove to escape the role of planter, to make his farms more completely self-sufficient communities, to import nothing, save books from abroad, that he could possibly obtain in America, to promote domestic crafts as an antidote to urbanization.

Jefferson, who looked forward to industrial urbanism with even greater horror than he felt for the agricultural slavery in Virginia, devoted much of his effort as a resident farmer from 1809 to 1826 to promoting domestic manufactures on the plantation.

But Jefferson hated actual slavery, agricultural though it was,

as it prevailed in his own community. He devoted the energy of his youth toward modifying the legal structure of slavery. In old age he attempted to ameliorate the conditions of the slave system on his own plantations and on those of others. He never doubted that slavery would be destroyed and he urged younger men to carry on the fight against it.

The master of Monticello is held in grateful remembrance by farmers for other reasons than his greatness in political history and his work as a practical farmer.

"The greatest service which can be rendered any country," Jefferson once wrote, is to "add a useful plant to its culture." His lifelong activity in bringing foreign plants to America testifies to the sincerity of this conviction. During his own years abroad, the searches through Europe for seeds and grafts for American experimentation were never-ending.

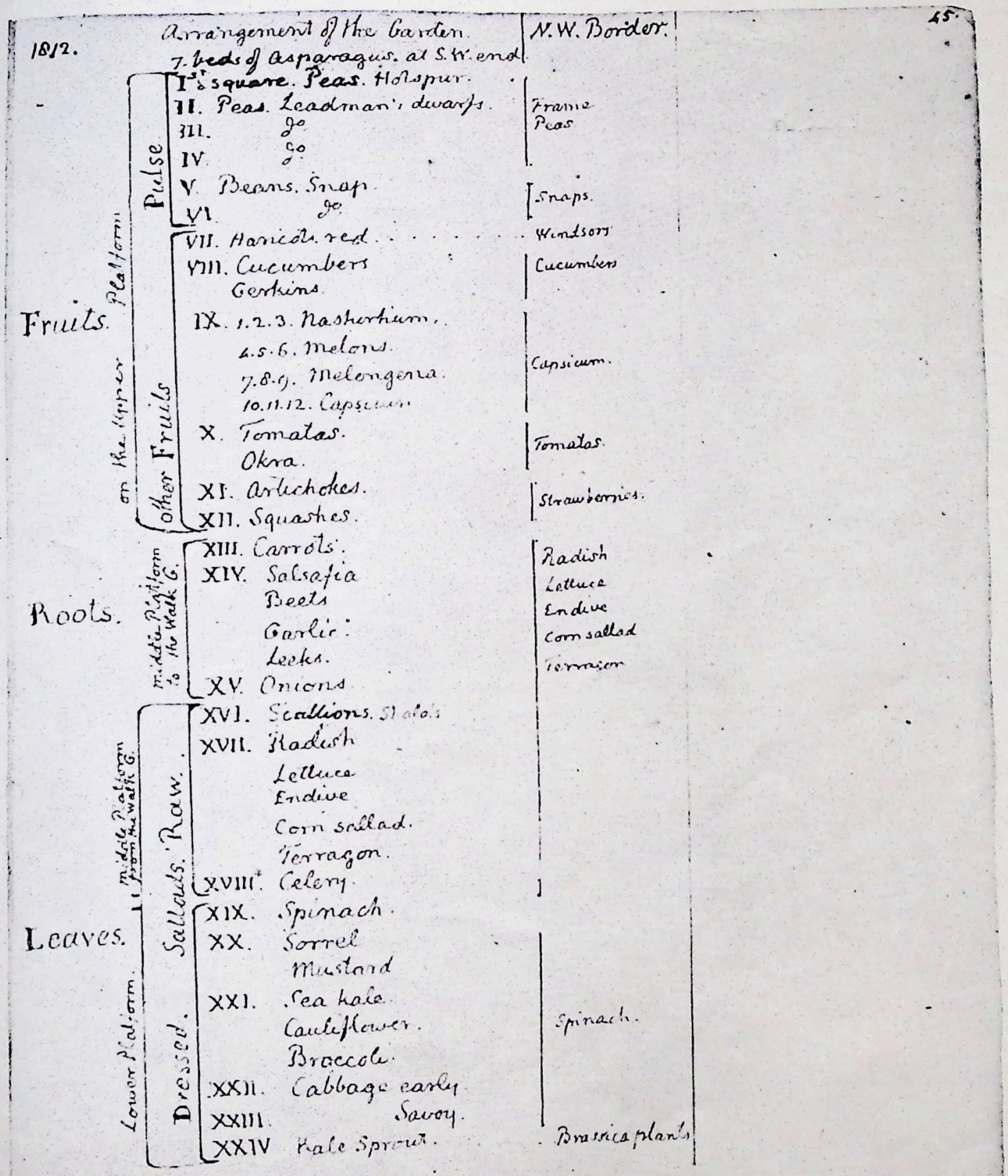
The success in Georgia of the species of rice he procured from the mountains of Africa came only after disappointments with the seed he had obtained from Cochin China and, by personal smuggling in defiance of the death penalty, from central Italy. Even his failures endeared him to farmers. When nearly 80, his biographers remind us, he continued to encourage the South Carolinians to new trials of the olive trees he had brought from France.

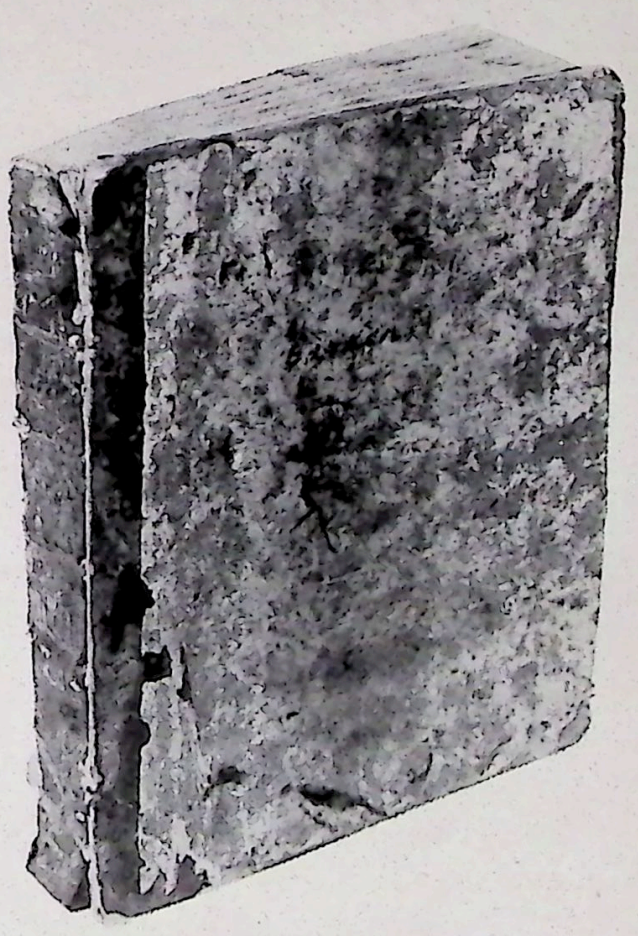
Jefferson, as he himself pointed out to a would-be biographer, transacted most of his life's business by letters, being careful always to keep by him for ready reference a file of all that he received and wrote. Exclusive of the books in his library, his personal agricultural record consisted of his letter file, his account books, his weather records, his *Garden Book* (published several years ago by the American Philosophical Society), and finally his *Farm Book*.

The very richness of this written legacy has tended to obscure the *Farm Book*, which was actually the heart of the whole record, but which most of us have known only through its quotation by other writers.

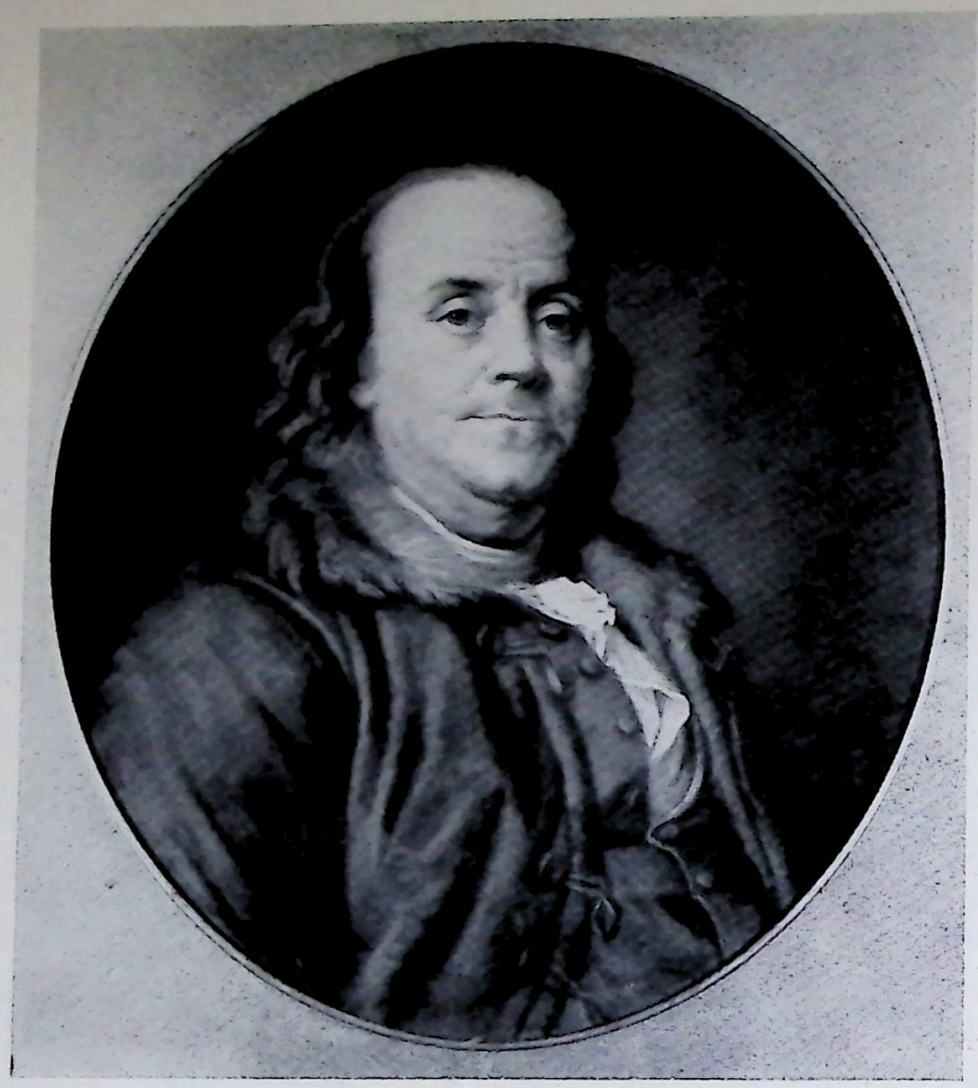
The *Farm Book*, as it appears in manuscript, is a compendium of information. It is both a topically arranged agricultural commonplace book and a broad record of all the multitudinous activities of Jefferson's plantations. Until the emergence of the experimental farms and agricultural colleges which Jefferson advocated, no American created a record of equal scope and interest.

From the Jefferson who appears in the pages of history, from the controversies which still rage around his name, the *Farm Book* seems remote enough. But it brings to the modern farmer or gardener a fund of practical wisdom, culled and tested by an extraordinary and inquiring mind. To the casual reader—be he farmer, city-dweller, or that very modern creature, the suburbanite—it recalls a forgotten way of life, bringing before him much that is obscure in the lives of our fathers. It opens for a moment illuminated vistas into the rapidly receding night of the past. ♦



*Jefferson's original "Garden Book" is now in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society. In it he made careful notes, i.e. "Carnations in full life—Larkspur, Lychnis in bloom—a few hollyhocks remaining—Eastern mallow almost vanished, an indifferent flower." He told friends, "no occupation is so delightful to me as the culture of the earth, and no culture comparable to that of the garden."*



# THE FRANKLIN LEGACY

*by Herbert Hoover*

The greatest inheritance that Benjamin Franklin left the American people was his contribution to our liberties.

Franklin had sought and associated with men keen in devotion to freedom long before we gained our independence from England. Among his friends were Burke and Tom Paine. It is sometimes overlooked that it was Franklin who paid Tom Paine's shipfare across the Atlantic and set that firebrand of liberty on these shores.

It was Tom Paine, then a soldier in the Continental army, who as a ghost writer for Washington composed that blazing document which Washington proclaimed to his dejected troops, revitalizing them to the victorious crossing of the Delaware. And Tom Paine with his crusading spirit and his "Rights of Man," greatly stirred the emotions for personal liberty on this continent.

I scarcely need mention, however, that Franklin was one of the leaders among the Founding Fathers who riveted freedom into American life. We must never forget that Franklin helped frame and signed the Declaration of Independence. He negotiated the peace Treaty of Paris, acknowledging our freedom from Britain. He contributed greatly to the framing of the Constitution of the United States. And in those great deeds he was inspired by both genius and determination to guarantee national independence and to secure the very foundations of personal liberty.

Franklin was an individualist. He held no belief in people's leaning on government. He contended they must have a sterner fare if the nation was to go forward.

He insisted they must possess qualities and strength of character which would give them calmness and poise in prosperity and courage and vision in adversity. They must be guided not only by patriotism of the tribe, but by morality and religious faith which belong alone to the individual spirit.

It was Joseph Choate who said, "When the spirit of Franklin decays the sun of America will have begun to set." ♦

(continued from page 21)

## Why We Marry

delay. In our present social structure, no preparation for marriage is demanded of women. They simply come of age, become capable of bearing children, and hence are marriageable.

Men do not necessarily have different reasons for marriage than do women. Some may, but then many women differ among each other in this respect also. Nor do men necessarily get any less than do women out of marriage. The fact that the man works and uses part of his income to pay household bills does not mean, as is commonly misconceived, that he alone supports the family.

The women generally works also. She does her work at home, and if a labor charge were placed on the numerous tasks she performs, her earnings or contribution to the household would be found to exceed the man's in many cases.

No; marriage is not some device conceived by women to exploit men. There are gains and sacrifices by men and women both. Marriage is a custom that has lasted a long time, and almost any custom that does last generally satisfies some of our basic needs.

Nowhere else except in marriage can we find one other person concerned with so many of our needs. No doubt many people are capable of doing the same thing for us, but there are many advantages in having one person perform these various functions.

For one thing, we avoid the gaps of loneliness occasioned by our search from one person to another for the satisfaction of our many needs. We avoid, too, a good deal of the irritation we normally feel as a result of the lapses and inattention we suffer from people who are only partially interested in us. Thirdly, no matter how close friends may be, they rarely, if ever, come to know us the way someone with whom we live might do so.

There is an inevitable loneliness that fills a darkened or a sleeping house. On the other hand, a wife or a husband supplies more active and more lasting company. There is always someone with whom to talk, reminisce and plan. This must not be overlooked as one of the great gains of marriage. It is very difficult to stand by oneself through life.

Loneliness is one of the most widespread and emotional piercing diseases of mankind...exacting its toll in such symtoms as doubt, hesitancy, fear, lack of self-confidence, chronic dissatisfaction, and moodiness. By virtue of pooling their needs and desires in marriage, a man and a woman enjoy the opportunity of making their satisfactions dependable. Habit can replace the strain of continuous effort, and security the need for recurrent readustment.

Ideally, the intimacy of marriage offers us the opportunity of freeing ourselves of the weight of our pretenses, being frankly ourselves, and simultaneously enjoying an acceptance—in fact, even an admiration and love—of that self. There is no deeper safeguard against loneliness conceivable. ♦

**Picture Acknowledgments** (Sources on each page are listed left to right, top to bottom.)

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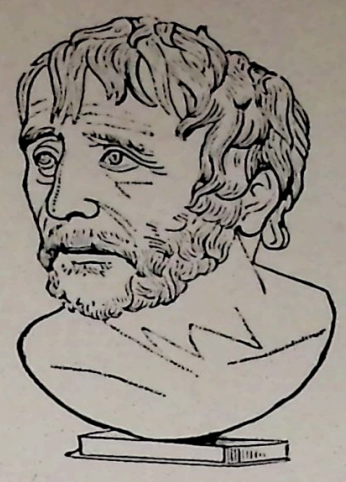

# ON VIRTUE

*by Lucius Annaeus Seneca*

Virtue is a lofty quality, sublime, royal, unconquerable, untiring. You will meet virtue in the temple, the market-place, the senate-house, manning the walls, covered with dust, sunburned, horny-handed. You will find pleasure sulking out of sight, seeking for shady nooks.

The highest good is immortal. It knows no ending, and does not admit of either satiety or regret. A right-thinking mind never alters or becomes hateful to itself...nor do the best things ever undergo any change.

But pleasure dies at the very moment when it charms us most. It has no great scope, and therefore it soon cloys and wearies us and fades away as soon as its first impulse is over. Indeed, we cannot depend upon anything whose nature is to change.

A man should be unbiased and ought not to be conquered by external things. He ought to feel confidence in his own spirit, and so order his life as to be ready alike for good or bad fortune. But let not his confidence be without knowledge, nor his knowledge without steadfastness. Let him abide by what he has determined, and let there be no erasure in his doctrine.

Let reason be encouraged by the senses to seek for the truth, and draw its first principles from thence. Indeed, it has no other base of operations or place from which to start in pursuit of truth: it must fall back upon itself. Even the all-embracing universe and God who is its guide extends Himself forth into outward things ...and yet altogether returns from all sides back to Himself. Let our mind do the same thing.

By this means we shall obtain a strength and an ability which are united. We shall derive from it that reason which never halts between two opinions, nor is dull in forming its perceptions, beliefs or convictions.

Such a mind, when it has arranged itself in order, made its various parts agree together and, if I may so express myself, harmonized them, has attained to the highest good. For it has nothing evil or hazardous remaining, nothing to shake it or make it stumble.

This mind will do everything under the guidance of its own will, and nothing unexpected will befall it. But whatever may be done by it will turn out well, and that, too, readily and easily, without the doer having recourse to any underhand devices.

You may, then, boldly declare that the highest good is singleness of mind, for where agreement and unity are, there must the virtues be. It is the vices that are at war with one another. ♦

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXY

# Dictionary for Moderns

*by Hal Stebbins*

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXY

**aggravation:**
An extra load for the coronary —and the coroner.

**amnesia:**
When you don't know who you are—and don't care.

**architect:**
A man who makes beautiful sketches that are never used.

**astrology:**
Autographing your own star.

**author:**
A man with a high forehead and a low income.

**baseball:**
The only place where a man can steal and be acclaimed for it.

**beautician:**
An adroit philosopher who believes the only thing that's permanent is change.

**bigot:**
A man who says he is open-minded when he is just open-mouthed.

**brow:**
The more furrows the better the harvest.

**caution:**
Something the other fellow needs.

**censor:**
A lost soul in search of a blue pencil.

**client:**
The man who is always right.

**concession:**
The price you'll take is twice as much as you hoped to get.

**contentment:**
When you get it, you don't know it.

**contract:**
A paper prepared by one attorney to fool another.

**cranium:**
A room that never gets crowded.

**credit:**
A device to inflate your ego and deflate your outgo.

**cynic:**
A nice guy who doesn't like to admit it—even to himself.

**diet:**
A promissory note which the spirit signs but the flesh never intends to pay.

**education:**
Just a matter of degree.

**error:**
A mistake that is acknowledged but won't be rectified.

**eulogy:**
Too little and too late.

**heredity:**
You take it—and like it.

**horizon:**
Your next pay-check.

**idea:**
Swell if it's yours.

**insomnia:**
Because you did.
Because you didn't.

**intelligence:**
The ability to select the subjects on which it pays to be ignorant.

**liberty:**
We don't use it until we lose it.

**logic:**
Useful—in court.
Useless—in courting.

**marital:**
Often spelled martial.

**maxim:**
Pearls of wisdom—at no price.

**mosquito:**
The first dive bomber.

**orator:**
A man who proves his point by substituting exclamation for explanation.

**portrait:**
How we'd like to look.

**proclamation:**
A mixture of faith, hope and clarity.

**prowler:**
The man who reads your paper in the subway.

**raffle:**
A chance on a chance.

**raise:**
What the boss' eyebrows do when you finally buck up courage.

**revelation:**
Something you've known all along but *set in italics.*

**silence:**
The great healer.

**success:**
When the boss marries your daughter.

**surgeon:**
A man in white who takes you through the dark.

**survey:**
An attempt to prove we're right when we know we're wrong.

**telephone:**
Where high blood pressure got its start.

**veto:**
Another way of spelling Vote.

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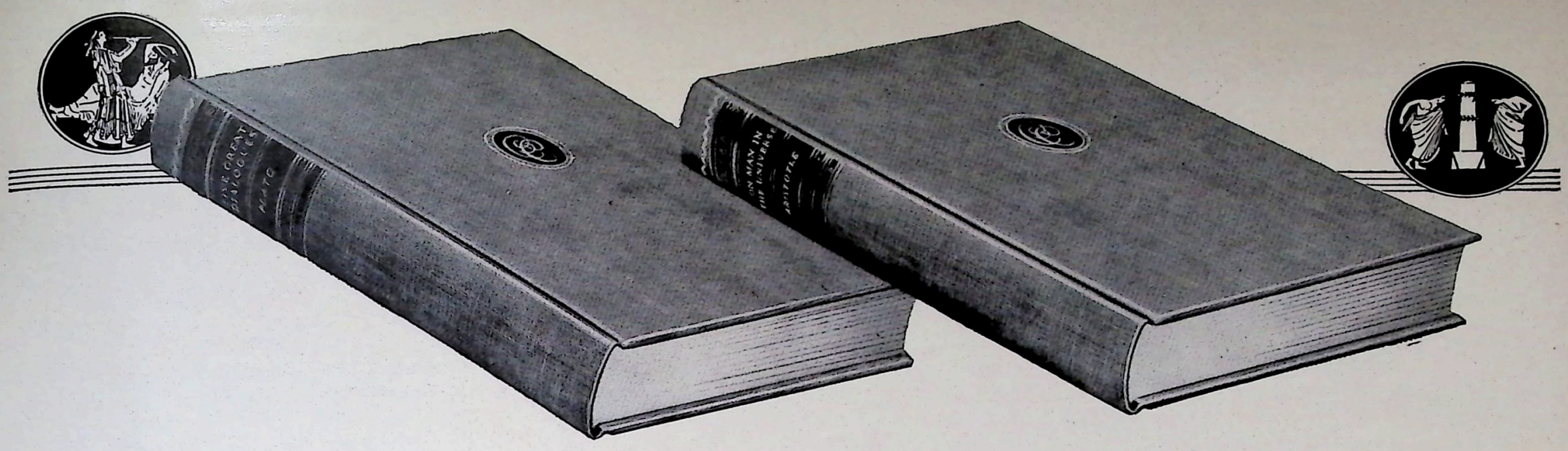


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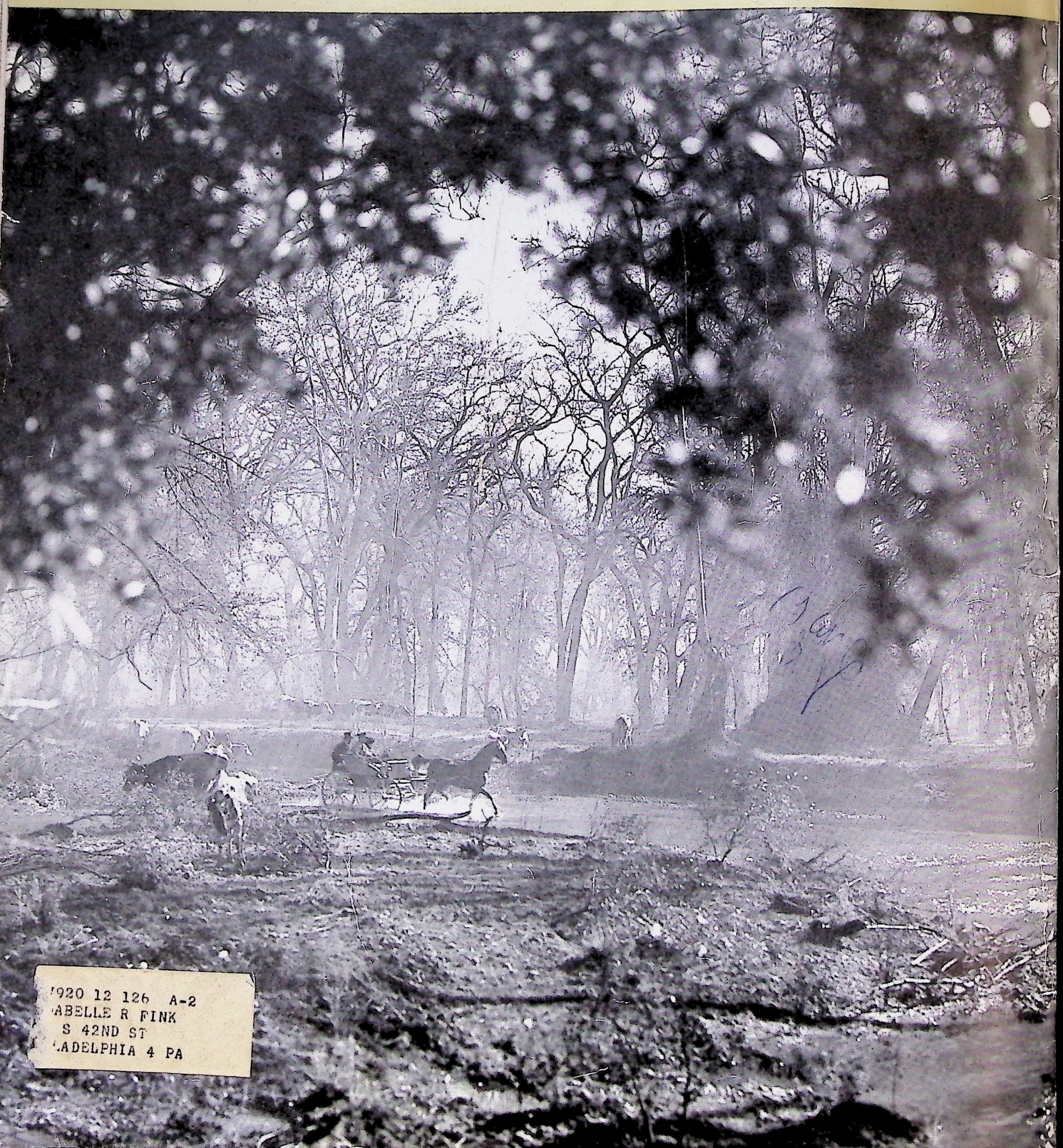

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